

WEATHER FORECASTS

Victoria and Vicinity Moderate to fresh south to southwest winds; mostly fair, and moderately warm.
Vancouver and Vicinity Moderate to fresh southeast winds, shifting to southerly, mostly fair, and slightly warmer.

NO. 225—EIGHTY-SECOND YEAR

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1940

COLONIAL TELEPHONES

Alberni 2	Port Alberni 4
Campbell River 2	Comox 5-444
Comox 2	Qualicum Beach 5-445
Port McNeill 2	Port Renfrew 4-312
Fog Bay 2	Fog Bay 4-313
Sointzal 2	Sointzal 4-314

THIRTY-EIGHT PAGES

The Daily Colonist.

ESTABLISHED 1858

BRITISH PLANES RENEW RAIDS ON BERLIN

CANADA HAS SECRET INVENTION OF GREAT MILITARY IMPORTANCE

No Inkling of Nature of Device Allowed to Reach Public, But Experts Reported Astounded at Results Under Stiffest Test—May Revolutionize Aerial Combat

O TTAWA, Aug. 31.—Canada, through a secret invention, may revolutionize the whole strategy of aerial combat, all the modern tactics of attack and defence in modern warfare, and bring disaster to Hitler's forces, both offensive and defensive.

So vastly important is this secret invention that Canadian press censors today insisted that publication of the details could not be permitted. Designed, for use in air warfare, the new invention has gone through the hardest conceivable test, in a way which left experts here astounded at the results.

Ever since the outbreak of the war, invention ideas, tens of thousands of them, have been submitted to Canadian headquarters, and many have necessitated the setting up of a special committee of highly skilled scientific and engineering experts.

MAY PLAY BIG PART

Especially where these purported inventions had not been tested before in any other known country, these experts have been quietly engaged in Ottawa giving them the acid test. Results have been many, but now it is believed a secret invention in the possession of Canada alone is destined to play a conspicuous part that will confound the enemy.

There may be an official statement issued within the next few days in closely guarded language, but if the belief of these experts is confirmed, the first official indications of what it can do may come from overseas warfare results.

SAYS RUMANIA GIVEN PLEDGE

Foreign Minister Confirms Report German Army to "Protect" Kingdom

BUCHAREST, Romania, Aug. 31.—Adolf Hitler has promised to protect Rumania from the German Nazis, as he has been protecting the Szekler, Foreign Minister Mihail Manolescu told the nation tonight.

Romania's "independent" compact of "Ceausescuakia," as a military protectorate of the Berlin Nazis, as the minister insisted, confirming the supreme place Nazi arms are to occupy, especially in this country, as a consequence of the Axis-dominated settlement of the Transylvanian issue, most of the 1,300,000 men of the Rumanian army were being demobilized to make way for German armored divisions expected coming here to occupy parts of this country's territory.

ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE

Germany, said the Foreign Minister, in a broadcast to the people, has given to Rumania an absolute military guarantee, alike that ever given any other country in the world except little Slovakia.

Manolescu had just returned from Vienna, where Germany and Italy forced the decision that Rumania must give up 17,000 to 21,000 square miles of territory from Rumania.

He called the Vienna settlement "a sentence handed down by the arbiters, a sentence we could not even discuss."

He was "heartbroken" he went on, saying that the Romanian delegates were not allowed to argue the decision, we could only try to spout out the settlement."

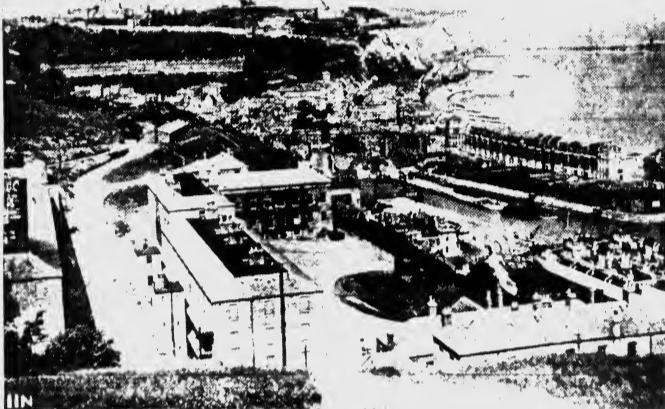
FIRE AT FAIRBANKS

FAIRBANKS, Alaska, Aug. 31.—The Healey Clean coal plant, Mount McKinley National Park, and the Alaska Railroad's roundhouse, machine shop, and metal worker shop were destroyed last night by fire of unknown origin. A 1,000-hp switch engine and several cars of coal and railway material also were burned.

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Channel City Bears Brunt of Attack



England's Channel City of Dover, Little More Than Twenty Miles From the French Coast. Today It Bore the Brunt of Air and Land Bombardments by German Forces. In the Background Are the Famous Chalk Cliffs of Dover, Long Famed in Song and Story.

TWENTY-FIVE DIE WHEN PLANE CRASHES; SENATOR AMONG DEAD

The Daily Colonist Will Not Publish On Tuesday Morning

POSTONPROW, Iowa, Aug. 31.—Dan and the staff of The Daily Iowan will observe the traditional one-day moratorium on publication of the paper on Tuesday morning. The next regular edition will be on Wednesday, with a full edition of the editorial and news columns.

Naumann, editor-in-chief, said:

"Federal authorities in Doha, a German port, were captured after capturing three other German Nazis.

Naumann and Haas slipped from the heavily-guarded camp by hiding under an army truck. With a Canadian soldier as "conductor," they rode away past several of the British metropolis in the course of their flight.

Naumann's companion, a fact

by Federal authority in Doha,

a German soldier, was captured at the Muckra iron and steel works, 10 miles from Gracemont, after a long drive him to big field, broken English from a German.

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If Mrs. Brown Turns Green



With envy when she sees your new Coat
you'll be sure at least that it has been well
done. Mrs. Brown has had time to go
through all that unpleasant experience to
believe us when we say that you can help you make a
wist Coat selection AND YET KEEP WELL WITHIN YOUR BUDGET. We
fully realize the importance of choosing
the right Coat especially if your hus-
band thinks a Coat ought to last three.
Yes, we know that there are many men
with so many Victoria ladies, of such
varied incomes and tastes, that we DO
feel sure we can help you. Busy, yes,
but not too busy to take an intelligent
interest in YOUR problem—and never in-
different.

- ✓ British Tweeds
- ✓ Dressy Boucles
- ✓ Lovely Furs

Main Tailored Coats are "Going Strong," and they include some stunning new Ar-
mials in Harris and other famous British
Tweeds. Some lovely Camel Hair and
Llama Cloths among these in straight-
back and fitted styles, and prices from
\$22.50 to \$55.00. The more Dressy
Coats—mostly Boucles with a great
variety of patterns. For summering, and
almost all with the very desirable wind-
resisting Chamis interlining. Prices of
these from \$25.00 to \$89.75

Add For Coats. Well, our reputation for
fully satisfying ladies in the rather diffi-
cult purchase seems to grow year by year.
Sold one to a young lady lately whose
Mother and Grandmother both bought Fur
Coats at Sturz's. The price range is
from \$79.50 to \$275.00, and
now a Scurrah Fur Coat you own a FUR
COAT

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with over half a century of experience.
British woolens are best. Order your
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Ladies' and Men's Fine Tailoring

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C. Hope

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COLLEGE
or
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Parkette Pens \$2

Pencils \$1

Parker Pens \$3 to \$13.75

Pencils \$1.50 to \$5

Sheaffer Pens \$4 to \$10

Pencils \$2.50 to \$4

Waterman Pens \$1.25

to \$8.75

Pencils 75¢ to \$4

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PEN OR
PENCIL

CHINAWARE SALE!

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PARADEOL

DR CHASE'S

PARADEOL

HOSPITAL DRIVE YIELDS \$2,726

Successful Tag Day Ends
Street Collections for
Jubilee Extension

Through the efforts of tag sellers and nurses with hospital carts on the sidewalks in the city and suburbs, \$1,812.29 was added yesterday.

WILLINGNESS, YES—

"But we have done the best we can in the facilities for services we are giving to the public."

MCGILL & ORME

BROAD AT FORT
GARDEN
LIMITED
WE DELIVER

PHONE
108

to the sum raised during the preceding three days by means of street collections in response to the appeal of the directors of the Royal Jubilee Hospital. Yesterday's takings brought the campaign total up to \$2,726.64.

The week's collection drive in the city was part of a campaign to raise \$35,000 to finance the completion of the hospital's badly needed new wing, which is being constructed to meet the increasing demands made upon the accommodation of the institution.

Two contingents of women collectors were busy in the city, yesterday. Members of the Jubilee Hospital Junior Women's Auxiliary canvassed

the streets with tags and boxes, which yielded a total of \$1,268.89.

Jubilee Hospital Alumnae members continued their campaign to win support by means of the hospital's set up on the streets, and yesterday they turned in collections totaling \$502.40, bringing their total for the week up to \$1,457.75.

Directors of the hospital last night expressed warm appreciation of the work of the volunteer canvassers, and of the generous support given by the public. At the same time, they emphasized that the hospital still stands in need of substantial voluntary support for the completion of the project, and urged that persons willing to assist should send gifts by cheque or cash to Dr. T. W. Walker, superintendent of the hospital; F. E. Winslow, Royal Trust Company, or C. S. Henley, of Henley, Hepburn & Company.

The Kinsmen Boys' Band, by arrangement made by the Junior Women's Auxiliary, aided considerably in yesterday's campaign.

Superior service spells success.

South Slocan Man Fatally Hurt by Bear

NELSON, Aug. 31 (CP)—Michael Kotyk, fifty-five-year-old resident of South Slocan, died in hospital here, following injuries suffered, when he was attacked and mauled by a bear on the Lower South Slocan Road on Tuesday night.

A native of Austria, Kotyk came to Canada thirty-nine years ago and settled in the South Slocan district about 1936. He was a rancher and is survived by his wife and children.

ANTI-GAS PLUS-FOURS

LONDON (CP)—New protective anti-gas trousers, which can if necessary be worn like plus-fours, are being issued to London policemen, including the active-war reserve.

ANTI-GAS PLUS-FOURS

London (CP)—New protective anti-gas trousers, which can if necessary be worn like plus-fours, are being issued to London policemen, including the active-war reserve.

Full War Strength Is Aim of United States In New Defence Plan

Nation Could Draw On an Army Organization of
Thirty-One Divisions to Implement Canadian
Undertaking—Details of Scheme Outlined

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 (CP)—In implementing any defense undertaking with Canada involving use of an army force, the United States at present could draw on an army organization of thirteen divisions of the regular army and eighteen divisions of the National Guard along with an expanded army air corps, authoritative sources said here today.

These divisions are predominantly infantry and are far under war strength now with total enrollment only about 350,000. However, all divisions are being brought to full war strength, and once the Conscription Bill passes Congress the way will be clear to build up the whole army to 1,200,000 officers and men by next Spring.

NINE DIVISIONS

Here is what the United States has to offer Canada as its army contribution to any co-operative defence scheme.

1. Nine "triangular" divisions of the regular army, each of 13,000 officers and men. A triangular division made up of three regiments of infantry with supporting troops. Two regiments are sent into the line when the division goes into action and the third held in reserve to reinforce both forward regiments. Five of these divisions are fully equipped with the best modern weapons and other four are being equipped.

2. A corps of two armored divisions, in most recent development in the regular American army. These divisions of 8,510 officers and men each are highly mechanized with tanks, trucks, machine gun carriers, motorcycles and every available type of armored fighting vehicle.

They are fashioned somewhat after the German Panzer divisions and lessons learned by American military observers in recent European campaigns have been considered in organizing these powerful units.

A similar move is being made in Canada with formation of the Dominion's first armored brigade, consisting of four tank regiments. There are indications it will be expanded to a division.

MECHANIZED CAVALRY

3. Two cavalry divisions of the regular army. These divisions consist of about 10,000 officers and men each and are part horse cavalry and part mechanized cavalry. American army officials still believe that horse cavalry has a place in modern war.

4. Eighteen "square" infantry divisions of the National Guard. A square division is composed of two brigades of two regiments each. The brigades operate with one regiment forward and the other in reserve with two brigades co-ordinating closely in a divisional tactic. These square divisions total 18,500 officers and men each and are the older form of American army organization.

The National Guard has been a part-time army, but now it has been mobilized into the regular army for a year and likely will remain after that. If an emergency still exists, there is sufficient basic equipment for these divisions, but informed sources indicate that it is not as good as that used by the regular army's completely equipped many new weapons for the guard.

5. Field artillery, coast artillery, engineers, signals and other auxiliary troops. Broad expansion is planned in this section of the army particularly for coast artillery units.

STRENGTH IN PLANES

6. The Army Air Corps with enrollment at present of 45,000 and about 3,000 planes. Immediate objective is to jump the number of planes to 19,000 with a proportionate increase in airmen. This will be needed for new air bases—including the one which may be obtained in British Western Hemisphere possessions—and new flying fields established in the United States.

Army plans call for steady motorization of practically all infantry divisions to enable fast movement through any parts of the four army areas, into which the United States is divided.

The First Army area borders Canada along New Brunswick, Quebec, the section of Ontario lying along the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario; the Second borders the Dominion from the eastern end of Lake Erie to the head of the lakes and the Fourth right through to the Pacific Coast. The Third runs through the Southern States.

Defence co-operation with Canada would involve the First Army particularly, with its area covering the important industrial districts of the eastern states and forming a triangle drawn from the New England States to Buffalo and back to Baltimore.

GAS MAIN SET AFIRE

One bomb which fell in the centre of a road set fire to a gas main and killed an air raid warden standing nearby.

Five persons who sought shelter in the cellar of a pine house were buried under debris when a bomb scored a direct hit. Rescue parties freed four of them.

Among the heroes of the night were six air raid wardens who, working as a team, put out forty incendiary bombs scattered in their sector of the capital. Their pictures in the hats and holding their foot pumps. Were on the front pages.

DOMINION INCREASES INDUSTRIAL PLANTS

Continued from Page 1

movement. Gains of iron and steel, nonferrous metals, lumber, textiles, foods, pulp and paper and leather, were most pronounced. In addition, to increases in personnel, an extension of working hours in a number of establishments also was noted.

Among the nonmanufacturing industries, logging and retail trade showed seasonal curtailment while

FILM ACTOR WOUNDED

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 31 (CP)—A series of operations will be necessary to remove bits of gunpowder and wadding from the face of film actor Richard Dix. He accidentally shot himself with a blank pistol cartridge in a picture scene yesterday. His personal physician, Dr. W. H. Goekerman, made the announcement after an examination today.

STILL FIGHTING FIRE

SHELBOURNE, N.S., Aug. 31 (CP)—Groping about in a blackout caused by dense smoke and too weary fire fighters today continued their seventy-two-hour battle against the largest forest fire to sweep through this county in ten years. Wind-driven flames threatened the east and southeast end of town but no buildings suffered.

Kidney Acids Rob Your Rest

Many people never seem to get a good night's rest. They are too talkative and cannot sleep. Often they become "nervous" when it may be their kidneys. Healthy kidneys filter poisons from the blood. If they are faulty and fail, poisons stay in the system and displease, headache and such. "Dodd's Kidney Pills" help a century, the favorite remedy in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

WHAT HE FORGOT

He was a husband (you know him) in a domestic rage. He got up and knocked over a small table.



IT'S HERE FOR 1941



MODEL ILLUSTRATED

RCA Victor Globe Trotter A-31, a beautiful cabinet model that brings you Super-Band Spread Overseas Dial, Magic Loop Antenna, Plug in for Victrola Attachment and other Advance Victor features.

\$137.00

New Models, New Features In Radios Greatest Value

Victor leads again with this new presentation. The manufacturing experience . . . the engineering achievement of forty years are combined to bring you the greatest advance in radio performance and design ever offered. See the new models, learn the sensational features . . . here is the radio you have waited for.

They're Different . . . With Refreshing Beauty and Superb Performance

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Here is a revolutionary advance in cabinet design, distinctive in graceful lines and unusual in character. Finer, more powerful reception, clear, resonant tone, easier, instantaneous tuning . . . the magic loop antenna, no aerial, no ground, just plug in and play these are but a few of the improved features found in the new Victors.

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HUDSON'S BAY CO.

Third Floor

IMPORTED Harris Tweeds

COATS from \$29.95

SUITS \$35.00

SWANK new models expertly man-tailored . . . offered at outstandingly low prices. Coats with the new long torso effect . . . with belts or with straight-line backs. Smart new herringbone weaves, rich monotypes, clever two-tone checks. Linings of satin or of fine Viyella Wool tartan cloth . . . The suits are of the popular new torso-length jacket type in colors that beautifully harmonize with the coats. It will be a pleasure to show you these captivating new styles!

In addition to Harris Tweeds, we're showing a fascinating new collection of coats and suits in imported Moorland and other finest quality British tweeds. Moderately priced from \$29.50.

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LIMITED
Ready-to-Wear and FURS

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RAY'S
LTD.

Marmalade

32-oz. Jar

21c

4-lb. Tin

33c

ENTIRE STOCK AT
SALE PRICES
FINEST IMPORTED
Sweater Coats
Pullovers
Knitted Suits
Blankets
Treasure Trove
909 GOVERNMENT ST.

He kicked it aside. Then, with a snarl, he strode out of the room. "Sweetest," his sweet wife called after him, "you've forgotten something!" His stormy face reappeared. "You didn't slam the door."

The Daily Colonist

Established 1858

The Colonist Printing and Publishing Company

Limited Liability

J. L. Tait, Managing Director

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Monthly \$1.00

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Half-Yearly \$3.00

Quarterly \$1.50

To All Other Countries: \$15.00

Monthly \$1.50

Sunday, September 1, 1940

ONE YEAR OF WAR

One year ago today Herr Hitler announced that the German Army was crossing the frontier into Poland. A new war had begun that was certain to spread, for Great Britain and France had guaranteed the territorial integrity and independence of Poland. Two days later, on the expiration of an ultimatum to Germany, Mr. Chamberlain announced that a state of war existed between Great Britain and Germany. Later in the same day France implemented her obligation to Poland. Poland, Britain, and France had resorted to arms to halt the armed aggression of Germany which was engulfing those peoples who dared to stand in the way, dared to refuse German domination with its destruction of all human rights and liberties.

The story of the past year is one of ruthless military triumph for Germany, one of horror, destruction and enslavement for millions of Europeans. Only the British Empire stands fighting for freedom and Christianity; only the British Empire stands to check the spread of German barbarism to the New World, the undoubted goal of Nazism. Never before has a single year of war changed the map of Europe so radically. Never have so many peoples of Europe fallen under the grinding heel of an oppressor in the space of twelve months.

In a few weeks Poland was crushed completely, her cities and towns wrecked, her countryside ravaged. That part of the country which was not occupied by the Germans was occupied by Soviet Russians who invaded from the East when it became obvious that Poland was vanquished by death-dealing airplanes and tanks. Between them, Germany and Russia divided Poland. For Great Britain, France and Germany the war settled down to months of watery waiting behind the Maginot and Siegfried lines with each side making occasional land and aerial forays over enemy territory. The British and French fleets blockaded Germany, and Germany's submarine warfare failed to check the seaborne commerce of Great Britain.

Meanwhile, the Battle of Finland began with the Russian invasion on November 30. With great courage and determination aided by the Winter weather, the Finns, with their relatively small and poorly equipped forces, slowed the advance of the great Russian military machine to a snail's pace. Norway and Sweden refused to allow the passage of Allied troops through their countries to aid Finland, and for the lack of communications Great Britain and France were unable to give the Finns the aid which they needed so desperately. On March 15, Russia and Finland signed a peace treaty at Moscow, ending the War and ceding Russia territory along the frontier and certain air and naval bases. In the meantime Russia had annexed bases in Estonia and had begun spreading her influence in the Baltic States so successfully that Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania eventually became states in the Soviet Union.

On April 9, with the German invasion of Denmark and Norway, the German offensive plan began to take shape. Denmark fell to Germany without a struggle as Nazi troops quickly occupied the little kingdom. The Norwegian campaign lasted a few weeks before German control became complete. Allied forces took part on Norway's side, gaining a foothold, but later withdrawing when it became evident that the effort was not worth the price in the military sense.

The German invasion of the Low Countries started on May 10, and on the same day Mr. Churchill succeeded Mr. Chamberlain. By May 14 the Netherlands had capitulated to the invaders, and by May 24, the German drive to Channel ports had developed around Boulogne and St. Omer. Four days later King Leopold surrendered to Germany, the collapse of the Belgian defence endangering the British Expeditionary Force and leading to the heroic evacuation from Dunkirk, which was completed on June 4.

On June 5 the Battle of France began, and five days later Italy, after watching the straws in the wind for months, decided that Germany had a chance of victory and declared war on Great Britain and France. By June 14 Paris had been taken and the disintegration of the French defences appeared complete. Two days later M. Reynaud resigned when his Government would not accept Great Britain's offer of complete union, and refused to consider plans for continuation of the struggle against Germany. He was succeeded by Marshal Petain, whose new Government, the next day, sued for peace.

Then began German preparations for the Battle of Britain. French Channel ports were turned into German bases, and French airfields made centres for aerial attacks. Raids over Great Britain were increased in frequency and size, but the British were not unprepared. Every German effort to establish air supremacy over Great Britain has failed. Attempts to destroy landing fields, munitions plants and other military objectives have met with scant success. Operations designed to weaken British morale have only succeeded in bolstering the courage and determination of the defenders of Great Britain. The civilian population shares the grim resolution, courage and confidence of the fighting forces. The entire country, and the Empire behind it, is bent upon warding off the German attacks, while preparing for the day for an offensive against Germany, an offensive to rid the world of tyranny and to restore the freedom and liberty of all peoples.

The end of the first year of the war finds the battle on the ramparts of Great Britain. British defences are stronger than ever before, and are expanding daily. At the same time plans for an offensive are going forward on a scale that will make the drive uncheckable until victory is won and sanity is restored in man's dealing with man for the spiritual, economic and social well-being of all men.

LABOR DAY

Labor Day, this year, assumes a new solemnity. It is a solemn occasion, because it falls at a time when the British Empire alone is fighting for the freedom, liberty and justice that is the life-blood of all democratic peoples, fighting for those principles which are basic in the tenets and creed of organized labor. Destruction of the rights and freedom of wage earners, held in trust by trades unions, has been successfully accomplished in the Totalitarian States, and has been spread through other countries that have been subjugated by the German military machine.

The breakdown of the standards of economic and social service has been the inevitable result of this subjugation by Nazi and Fascist dictators. When the worker is denied a voice in the political and economic life of a nation, democracy disappears. It can survive only where the rights and freedom of the worker are inviolate, and it is realization of this that prompted organized labor to distrust the European dictators long before the outbreak of the War. It was for the preservation of these rights that Labor leaders pledged their full support to Great Britain when War was declared. Since then organized Labor has pulled its weight fully in the fight against the threat to freedom and justice. The Governments of Great Britain and the Dominions have guaranteed fair wages and fair standards in war contracts, and in return organized Labor has made the necessary concessions to meet the emergency.

In Great Britain the trades union leaders have built a tower of strength in fighting the War. Many of the most prized liberties of the workers have been suspended in the interests of maximum war effort. The conditions imposed by war have been met without complaint, and Labor leaders themselves, in many instances, have been the first to make suggestions aimed at greater production and higher efficiency. In Canada much the same applies, although Labor has not been taken into the confidence of the Government to the extent that obtains in Great Britain. The formation of the National Labor Supply Council, with equal representation of organized employers and organized Labor, was more than a mark of appreciation of Labor's contribution; it was an invitation to participate equally for the fullest utilization of skilled and unskilled workers in war production. This Council should prove to be

of increasing usefulness as the war effort develops. Labor Day had its beginnings in the agitation of the Knights of Labor, who staged parades demonstrations in New York in 1882, 1883 and 1884. At the 1894 demonstration, a resolution was adopted asking that the first Monday in September be set aside as a day of celebration for workers. The State of Oregon was the first to establish the holiday and other States soon followed. In 1894 the United States Congress passed a bill making Labor Day a legal holiday throughout the Union, and similar legislation was passed by the Dominion Parliament in the same year. Tomorrow marks the forty-sixth birthday of Labor Day in Canada. It will be observed by workers throughout the Dominion, whether as a holiday or as another day of work due to the demands of wartime industrial production, as another milestone in their honorable discharge of their obligations to sound and continuing democracy.

Mr. Angus Macdonald, Minister of Naval Defence, says: "The number of men in the various services would be vastly greater if we had the equipment and facilities for training." Whose fault is it that these are lacking, after almost a year of war?

REFUGEE SHIP

Left behind in Galway—
Where the wild curlew flies,
A lass with hair like the blossomed sedge,
And pain in her sea grey eyes.

I had small heart for taking
The pitch twist sea and sky.
While standing by Tilney Castle
She waved a last goodbye.

Oh, loved lost land of Galway
Whose like I'll never see!
Where peat-bogs burn in the twilight
And a wild heart waits for me.

—Verne Taylor Benedict,
Alameda, Cal.

The Weather

Meteorological Office, Victoria, B.C., at 7:00 p.m., Saturday, August 31, 1940.

SYNOPSIS OF WEATHER CONDITIONS

A moderate depression appears to be centred north of the Queen Charlotte Islands, while pressure remains high off the Oregon Coast. Scattered showers have occurred on the Coast and also in the Northern Interior, but fair and moderately warm weather prevails in the Okanagan and Kootenay districts.

It is fair and quite warm in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

PRECIPITATION AND TEMPERATURES

Precipitation for twelve hours to 5:00 p.m.; temperatures for twenty-four hours!

	Precipitation Min.	Max.
Victoria	.05	.55
NaNaimo	.05	.55
Vancouver	.15	.72
Kamloops	.55	.76
Prince George	.10	.65
Estevan Point	.52	.64
Prince Rupert	.05	.50
Langara	.15	.50
Atlin	.40	.57
Dawson	.42	.64
Seattle	.57	.73
Trace	.57	.73
Portland	.57	.79
San Francisco	.55	.68
Spookane	.49	.85
Penticton	.52	.68
Vernon	.53	.68
Kelowna	.50	.82
Nelson	.53	.87
Kamloops	.54	.85
Cranbrook	.50	.85
Calgary	.52	.90
Edmonton	.52	.90
Swift Current	.60	.96
Regina	.51	.92
Prince Albert	.42	.98
Winnipeg	.41	.79

SATURDAY

Minimum 54
Maximum 65
Average 64
Minimum on the grass 51

Weather: clear; sunshine, August 30-10 hrs; 24 min.

Total rain for August 31, 05 ins.

5:00 P.M. WEATHER REPORTS

Victoria—Barometer, 29.97; wind, SW, 15 miles;

Vancouver—Barometer, 29.95; wind, SW, 10 miles;

Clear.

Kamloops—Barometer, 29.81; wind, E, 10 miles; fair.

Prince George—Barometer, 29.85; wind, SW, 5 miles; fair.

Prince Rupert—Barometer, 29.83; wind, SE, 5 miles; cloudy.

Langara—Barometer, 29.87; wind, SE, 21 miles; raining.

Estevan Point—Barometer, 30.01; wind, SE, 10 miles; cloudy.

Portland—Barometer, 29.92; wind, NW, 5 miles; fair.

Seattle—Barometer, 29.95; wind, W, 5 miles; fair.

San Francisco—Barometer, 29.98; wind, W, 15 miles; fair.

SUNDAY

Minimum 54

Maximum 65

Average 64

Minimum on the grass 51

Weather: clear; sunshine, August 30-10 hrs; 24 min.

Total rain for August 31, 05 ins.

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Minimum 54

Maximum 65

Average 64

Minimum on the grass 51

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Canadian Squadron Back in Battle After Triumph Over Nazis

Pilot From Calgary Bags Three in Friday's "Super-Show," Bringing His Total to Seventeen—Legless Commander Gives Some Details

A ROYAL AIR FORCE FIGHTER STATION, SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, Aug. 31 (T).—The all-Canadian squadron of the R.A.F., led by their legless English commander, roared back into battle against German raiders today with a new fighting spirit born of the triumph scored over the Nazis yesterday.

Refreshed by a solid night's sleep, they put behind them thoughts of the thirteen confirmed losses they inflicted on the Germans yesterday afternoon to answer a morning alarm that raiders again were approaching their patrol area.

They considered the outstanding triumph as revenge for losses which had shattered their ranks in the four days of the Dunkerque evacuation.

Only four of the dozen Canadians now in the ranks of the squadron—which is called the All-Canadian Squadron, although the personnel are to a large extent British—took part in yesterday's big show over London's outskirts, but they bagged six of thirteen enemy planes that fell before accurate fire.

Pilot Officer William McKnight, of Calgary, shot down three, raising his confirmed total to seventeen.

Each Downed ONE

Other Canadians who got one each in the battle, described as something you dream about, were Flying Officer George Christie, of Westmount, Que.; Pilot Officer N. K. Stanfield, of Vancouver; and Pilot Officer Morris Hart, of Hamilton, Ont.

Their courageous English officer Sqdn.-Ldr. Douglas Bader, who lost both legs in a flying accident before the war, but insisted on carrying on with artificial limbs, destroyed two bombers.

All the squadron's planes somehow came out of the hot fight safely. A hole or two through the fuselage told of close calls, but no flyers received so much as a scratch.



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KENDALL LABORATORIES LTD.

OPPOSITE ATLAS THEATRE

Novelist Pays Visit Here



Photo by Associated Screen News

MISS Temple, Bailey, noted American novelist, who is paying a brief visit to Victoria, photographed in the grounds of the Empress Hotel, where she has been staying while here. On a holiday trip from her home in Washington, D.C., Miss Bailey was impressed with the quiet beauty of her surroundings, which she found would

be ideal for the writing of new stories. Having visited here, she is attracted by the idea of writing a novel with a Canadian background, she confessed yesterday. One of the most popular and highly-paid writers of romantic stories in the United States, Miss Bailey has written many novels which have appeared in serial form in the leading magazines of America.

NUNNS officiated and interment was

in the Royal Oak Burial Park. The pallbearers were Frank Flood, J. U. Kimmitt, Geoffrey Edgerton, Ord A. Butters, Jim McDiarmid and Murray Martindale. S. J. Curry & Son had charge of arrangements.

LEE.—The funeral service for Miss Margaret Lee was held yesterday at 3:30 p.m. in the chapel of the Sands Mortuary, Limited. Rev. Clarence Lee officiated, and interment was in Royal Oak Burial Park. The pallbearers were George Lee, Harry Mar, Dan Won and Victor Lang.

TODD.—Funeral services for Mrs. Annie Grace Todd will be conducted by Rev. F. Pike at St. Luke's Church, Cedar Hill, tomorrow at 10:30 a.m., followed by interment in the churchyard. McCall Bros. are in charge of arrangements.

COPITHORNE.—The funeral service

held yesterday at 2 p.m. in the chapel of the Sands Mortuary, Limited.

Canon F. A. P. Chadwick officiated at the service, during which the congregational hymns were "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "Abide With Me."

WATSON.—The private funeral of Mrs. Pauline McKerrill Watson took

place from Heywards B.C. Funeral Chapel yesterday morning. Rev. H. T. Archbold, of Duncan, officiating.

The pallbearers were C. R. V. Bagshawe, R. A. Wootton, Captain A. T. B. Lasbarn, R. T. Hoard, George Wood and J. L. Hendson. Interment was in Royal Oak Burial Park.

ROBERTS.—A large congregation

attended the funeral of Miss Maud Mary Roberts, held from St. Barnabas' Church, yesterday afternoon.

Canon N. E. Smith conducted the service, and the hymn was "The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away."

Many floral tributes were received.

The pallbearers were R. C. Keane,

G. Millin, J. F. Wilson, T. S. Mills,

A. J. Abbott, and T. P. Emmerson.

Interment was in Royal Oak Burial Park. Haywards B.C. Funeral Co. was in charge.

MAY.—The funeral of Mrs. Annie

May was held yesterday afternoon

from McCall Bros. Funeral Home.

Rev. C. D. Clark conducted the service, during which the hymns,

"Nearer My God To Thee" and "Rock of Ages," was sung.

Interment was in the family plot at Ross Bay Cemetery.

The pallbearers were C. F. Banfield, H. B. Witter, A. C. Bull,

P. Steele, A. Scipio and D. Camp-

bell.

SMITH.—Funeral services for Roger

Walter Sabro Smith, infant son of

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith, was held

yesterday at 1 p.m. in the chapel

of Sands Mortuary, Limited.

Rev. D. Walker officiated at the service,

during which Mrs. S. M. Morton sang the solo "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

Interment was in Royal Oak Burial Park.

MCPHEE.—The funeral service for

Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth McPhee, of

631 Amoog Street, will be held on

Tuesday at 2:30 p.m. in St. John's

Church, Canon F. A. P. Chadwick

officiating. Interment will be in

Royal Oak Burial Park. S. J. Curry

& Son have charge of arrangements.

SIMPSON.—The funeral service for

Mrs. Eileen Anderson-Simpson, of

1959 Brighton Avenue, will be held

on Tuesday at 2 p.m. by Rev. James Hyde.

Interment will be at Ross Bay.

DAY.—Funeral services for Mrs.

Day, of 1959 Brighton Avenue,

were held yesterday afternoon.

Many beautiful floral tributes were

received. Archdeacon A. E. de L.

Women Anxious for Representation in Britain's Cabinet

Women's Unions and Organizations Cheer Lady Astor, Who Champions Their Cause—Are Fearful of Losing Their Rights

LONDON, Aug. 31 (T).—British women are renewing a demand for representation in the Cabinet. The demand is being made, they say, not from a desire to govern the country but in order that they may gain authority to utilize women power in the war effort.

They have formed the women's power committee which includes women members of Parliament, but they claim that the committee, without Government representation, is powerless to carry out their programme. For weeks, committee members have been seeking a hand from the different ministers, but Chairman Irene Ward, M.P., said:

"There is no need to tell you we have not had much success; they all pass it on to the next fellow.

"It doesn't come within their department."

"Then we must go to the Prime Minister himself," declared Lady Astor, at a meeting of representatives of the numerous women's unions and organizations.

SERVICES' APPRECIATION

The meeting cheered Lady Astor as she declared: "The three fighting services are far ahead of the Government in realizing the value of women's work, and we must go to the Prime Minister himself, if need be, to demand that the services of women shall be used."

Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., who recently proved her right to join the House of Commons' house guard by displaying her rifle shooting marksmanship, told how anxious all British women were to take part in the war effort "because if we lose this war we shall lose all our women's rights, our freedom; and we women do not think of freedom as an abstract conception."

For women there should be a wartime charter, she said; "a charter of rights for women which perhaps will be taken notice of by every other country in the world."

WOMEN'S DEMANDS

All speakers emphasized the fact that every representative present was united in the present demands:

(1) Right to work at any job where woman has proved her capability.

(2) Rate for the job irrespective of sex.

(3) Promotion according to ability

(4) Opportunity to train and equip herself for all branches of industry where women are needed and women available.

Apparently to quiet the fears of the only male at the meeting, Dr. Summerskill smiled and added kindly: "Let us be quite clear in the fact that we are not man-haters." That was comforting—until she added: "Many of us are married and know that a married man is more normal than a bachelor."

PENSIONERS TO MEET

The Old Age Pensioners' general meeting will be held on Tuesday next at the Y.W.C.A. Rooms, at 2:30 p.m.

NON-RESIDENT OF CITY FOR FORTY-NINE YEARS DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS

Mrs. Catherine Nute, widow of John Nute, died yesterday morning at the home of her son, Thomas, 647 Niagara Street, after a lengthy illness. She was eighty years of age.

Mrs. Nute was born in Altamun, Cornwall, England, and came to Victoria from there forty-nine years ago. She has resided here ever since.

Prominent in church circles in Victoria, Mrs. Nute was, for many years, a member of the Metropolitan Church. However, since moving to James Bay district some years ago, she had been a regular and devoted attendant of James Bay United Church, and an active and popular member of its women's organizations. She was also one of the oldest charter members of the Princess Alexandra Lodge, Daughters of England.

Surviving are one son, Thomas, with whom Mrs. Nute has resided for the past few years; two daughters, Mrs. C. W. Cameron, Craigflower Road, and Mrs. J. Y. Marguerite, Avalon Road; thirteen grandchildren, one great-grandchild and other relatives in Cornwall.

DEATH CALLS

MRS. C. NUTE

Resident of City for Forty-Nine Years Dies After Long Illness

WOMEN'S DEMANDS

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SWISS CITIZENS RETURNING HOME

Driven From Invaded Countries Many Going Back to Native Land—Much Distress

The funeral will take place on

Tuesday at 3:30 p.m. from McCall Brothers' Funeral Home. Interment will be made in the family plot at Ross Bay Cemetery.

Companions have poured in from rich, as well as poor, and many workers have given up a day's pay to ease distress.

All officers of the Swiss General Staff agreed to give up one day's pay and turned over 3,500 Swiss francs (\$800) to the homecomers.

BRUNEI, AUG. 31 (T)—Swiss citizens living in war countries have been pouring into Switzerland driven from their homes by invasion.

The British Imperial Comrades' Association, Voluntary Corps, No. 1 Platoon, will parade Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. in Royal Athletic Park, under Captain G. D. Scott, Imperials interested in forming No. 2 and 3 Platoons are requested to attend.

The great snapshots are made on KODAK FILM

Hundreds of Canadians are employed

PERSONAL ITEMS and SOCIAL HAPPENINGS

Miss Whitehouse Bride At Metropolitan Church

Daughter of Minister Married Last Evening to Mr. W. L. Hetherington—Couple to Live in Vancouver After Honeymoon Up-Island

A very pretty wedding, of interest to friends of the bridal couple in Victoria and in Vancouver, took place last evening at the Metropolitan United Church, when Dorothy Maurine, daughter of Rev. A. E. Whitehouse, D.D., and Mrs. Whitehouse, of this city, became the bride of Mr. Wordsworth Lloyd Hetherington, of Vancouver, son of the late Rev. A. E. Hetherington and Mrs. Hetherington, of Vancouver. The bride's father officiated, assisted by Rev. H. A. McLeod, of First United Church.

The ceremony took place in a beautiful floral setting which had been arranged in the church by Mrs. R. Crozier-Smith and friends of the bride. In a color scheme of pink, blue and yellow, which predominated in the shades of the bridesmaids' frocks. Tall standards of Autumn flowers were shown to advantage in the glow of lighted cathedral tapers, and the guest pews were marked with Colonial bouquets of dahlias, tied with ribbon.

THE BRIDE

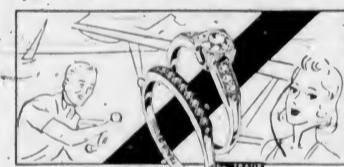
Given in marriage by her grandfather, Mr. T. R. Carey, the bride entered the church to the strains of "The Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," played by Mr. Edward Parsons, the organist. She looked beautiful in her gown of gleaming bridal satin, the bodice inset with Chantilly lace and fastened with self-covered buttons. The long sleeves were gracefully tapered and the full skirt ended in a court train. Her illusion net veil, edged with seed pearls, was held to her head by a coronet of orange blossoms. The veil had been worn by the groom's mother on her wedding day. A shorter bouquet of deep red roses and white heather completed the bride's lovely ensemble.

There were three bridal attendants, the matron of honor being the bride's sister, Mrs. Bruce D. McLean, of Vancouver, who wore a gown of dusky rose georgette, tiny frills edging the neckline, the bodice made with bishop sleeves and the full skirt tied with a sash at the back. Her large picture hat was trimmed to tone with the gown, and she carried a sheaf of azalee blue asters. The bridesmaids were Miss Anna Anderson and Miss Rae Miller, of Victoria, whose shirt-waist style frocks were of powder blue and Autumn yellow georgette; respectively. They were made with Peter Pan collars, narrow girdles, full skirts and bishop sleeves, and on their heads they wore hand-embroidered face veils attached to tiny flower clusters. They carried Colonial bouquets of pink rosebuds, larkspur and yellow sweet sultans.

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Victoria College

In affiliation with the University of British Columbia
The Registrar's Office at Victoria College will be open for the registration of students for the session 1940-41 from Monday, August 19 until Friday, September 20. Hours for registrations are Monday to Friday, 10 A.M. to 12 Noon and 2 P.M. to 4 P.M. Students registering for the first time are required to present their Junior Matriculation Certificates. Lectures commence on September 22. The Registrar will be pleased in advising not only those who wish to attend the Collee, but any who desire information.

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES
Victoria, B.C., August 19, 1940.

Red Cross Superfluities Store

1220 GOVERNMENT STREET

Don't throw away your empty tooth paste, shaving cream or complexion cream tubes. They are worth three times as much as berries-in-season per pound: A story will "break" shortly as to their war effort value and as to how they will be collected.

MEANWHILE—KEEP THEM

We Have a Customer Who Would Buy a Fishing Rod

Are Visitors From Sumatra



Photographed in the garden of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Deasping Twigg, Chamberlain Street, is Mrs. Hilda Bunnus, who recently arrived from Sumatra, Dutch East Indies, with her little daughter, Dorothy. Mrs. Bunnus, formerly Miss Barbara Twigg, is being welcomed back to Victoria by her many friends. Her husband expects to join her here early next Summer.

WEDDINGS

HAMMOND—POSKITT

The marriage was solemnized by Very Rev. S. H. Elliott, Dean of Columbia, in Christ Church Cathedral, on Saturday evening, of Ivy Decima, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Poskitt, 1131 Leonard Street, and Mr. Thomas Hammond, youngest son of the late Mr. Richard Hammond, Old Kilpatrick, Scotland, and Mrs. Hammond. The organist was in attendance.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride looked charming in a princess gown of white satin with a high neckline and long pointed sleeves, the flared skirt graduating into a train. Her veil of embroidered net was held in place beneath a halo of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of gardenias and bridal roses. The maid of honor was the bride's sister, Miss Bessie Poskitt, in a princess frock of taffeta in the new "romance" shade, with a matching doll hat of straw, a gold net veil and gold accessories. Miss Margaret Hiquebran, in a frock of pink embroidered net and a blue floral hat, and Miss Eva Hiquebran, in blue triple sheer and a pink dolli hat, were bridesmaids. They are nieces of the bridegroom. All three carried sheet bouquets of carnations, larkspur and asters. Mr. Kenneth R. Poskitt, brother of the bride, was best man, and Messrs. Ted Scrogs and Percy Greenway were ushers.

The reception was held at the family home, during which the bridal couple stood under a gay decorated canopy hung with wedding bells, between baskets of assorted flowers. A beautiful lace cloth covered the supper table, which was centred with the bride's cake, a tiered silver cake of roses. Mrs. Poskitt wore a smart frock of black and silver French lace over dusty rose taffeta, a black model hat and a corsage bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. G. Hiquebran, sister of the bridegroom, who also received, was dressed in midnight blue sheer over royal blue taffeta, with hat in suite and a corsage bouquet of pink carnations.

For a honeymoon trip to Harrison Hot Springs, the bride left in a peach-bloom triple sheer dress with a matching topcoat, a silver fox fur and wide-brimmed hat of black felt and lace. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond will return to Victoria to live.

DE FRANCE—HOUARTH
A quiet wedding of interest to Ladysmith and Chemainus residents took place in First United Church, Nanaimo, on Friday afternoon, when Rev. Mr. Reid united in marriage Dorothy Monica Elizabeth, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Chemainus, and Mr. Albert Isadore De France, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Isadore De France, Ladysmith. The bride is a granddaughter of Mr.

Mr. T. Dawson, brother of the groom, was best man, and the usher was Mr. R. Black. Mr. J. Fenwick and Mr. L. Holman, while the registrar was being signed. Miss Amy Anderson played appropriate music, and the bridesmaid, Miss E. Holdridge, sang "Because." The church was decorated with peach and white gladioli, French marigolds, and the great paws tied with mauve and white asters.

The reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Bland, 533 Danzoff Street, an aunt of the bride. Receiving the guests were the bride's mother in a blue dress and hat with grey accessories, and the groom's mother in grey with wire-colored accessories. Their corsage bouquets were of pink carnations.

After a honeymoon at Harrison Hot Springs, the bride and groom will leave at 3424 Cook Street. The bride travelled in a rose crepe dress and black sealskin coat and matching hat. Out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. McCarrison and family, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. H. McCarrison, Seattle; Mr. E. F. Dawson, brother of the groom; and Mrs. Dawson, Comox.

GUNNISSES—BALNAVE
St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church was the scene of a pretty wedding on Friday evening when Anna, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Balnaves, Lampson Street, became the bride of Mr. George Gunniss, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Gunniss, Victoria Road, Nanaimo. Rev. J. L. W. McLean officiated. The decorations in the church had been arranged by Miss Sadie Underwood, Miss Berneice Collett and Miss Jessie McGillivray.

In her white marquise wedding gown, embroidered in a lily design, the bride entered the church with her father, who gave her in marriage. Her filmy veil of illusion fell from a Juliet cap and she carried a shower bouquet of white carnations, rosebuds and lilies. The attendants were Misses Babe Gleason and Anne Field, wearing wild rose pink net frocks, pink Juliet caps and carrying bouquets of pink carnations, stocks and rosebuds. Mr. Jack Rowbottom, of Nanaimo, was best man and the ushers were Messrs. Jack Caddell,

and Harold Shepherd. While the register was being signed Miss Bernice Underwood sang "Thine Alone."

The wedding reception was held at the Gorge Vale Golf Club, Mrs. Balnaves and Mrs. Gunniss assisting the bride and groom in receiving. Mrs. Balnaves wore a royal blue lace gown and a bouquet of rosebuds, her hat being of dusty rose shade, while Mrs. Gunniss, mother of the groom, wore a smoke blue crepe gown with hat and accessories to match and a corsage bouquet of gardenias. The refreshment table was arranged with pink carnations and white candles in silver holders, a three-tier cake holding the place of honor. An orchestra played during the reception. The bride and groom left for their honeymoon at Harrison Hot Springs, the bride travelling in a smart brown and white stripe suit, a brown close-fitting cap with a pheasant feather trimming and a corsage bouquet of gardenias. Mr. and Mrs. Gunniss will live at 308 Glasgow Avenue.

WILLCOX—MCGOWAN

In St. Andrew's Anglican Cathedral, Prince Rupert, on August 21, Capt. the Rev. R. C. H. Durnford united in marriage Miss Minnie McGowan, only daughter of Mrs. J. A. McGowan, Battleford Avenue, Victoria, and Mr. Percy Willcox, a member of the Army Service Corps, and son of Mrs. A. Willcox, 1028 Mason Street, Victoria. The bride wore a navy blue ensemble and a corsage bouquet of Sweetheart roses. Mrs. Ronald Blancher was matron of honor, wearing a powder blue dress with white accessories and a bouquet of pink carnations. Mr. Ronald Blancher was best man. A reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex MacDonald, 510 Seventh Avenue West, where under an arch centred with a silver-white wedding bell, the bride and groom exchanged the good wishes of their friends. The toast to the bride was given by Capt. Davidson of the Army Service Corps.

MILLER—DE LURE

In Duncan United Church on Saturday evening, August 24, Rev. W. F. Burns united in marriage Denise Lisette (Babe), youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. De Lure, and Mr. Walter G. Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Miller. Both

parents live in Somerton.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful white satin dress trimmed with Swiss lace. Her silk net veil was arranged with a wreath of orange blossoms, and she wore a pearl necklace. Her bouquet included pink carnations, sweet peas, maidenhair fern and physophora. The bridegroom was a short-faced raven black with a jacket and accessories in a dark wine shade, and a corsage bouquet of Sweetheart roses. Miss Peggy Morrison, the bridesmaid, was in a moss green silk net dress with brown accessories and a corsage spray of Talisman roses, and Mr. Harold Pelett was best man. The wedding party and a few friends were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tuck, 410 Simcoe Street, the bride and groom leaving later for a honeymoon on the Mainland. Mr. and Mrs. Linnell will make their home in Victoria.

LINNELL—MOIR

Rev. A. E. Whitehouse officiated at the wedding of Lillian May, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moir, Qu'Appelle, Sask., and Mr. Hubert Gordon Linnell, and Mrs. Linnell, 1028 Park Avenue, who took place in Metropolitan United Church at 8:45 o'clock last evening. The bride was a short-faced raven black with a jacket and accessories in a dark wine shade, and a corsage bouquet of Sweetheart roses. Miss Peggy Morrison, the bridesmaid, was in a moss green silk net dress with brown accessories and a corsage spray of Talisman roses, and Mr. Harold Pelett was best man. The wedding party and a few friends were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tuck, 410 Simcoe Street, the bride and groom leaving later for a honeymoon on the Mainland. Mr. and Mrs. Linnell will make their home in Victoria.

SCHULL—KNOWLES

'Late Summer flowers arranged in St. Alban's Church formed the background for the marriage of Lillian, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Knowles, 1385 Vista Heights, and Mr. George Andrew Schull, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schull, Princeton, B.C., which was solemnized by Rev. F. Conley last evening. The church organist was in attendance, and during the service the congregation sang the hymn "O Perfect Love."

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a street-length frock of turmeric blue georgette, with a matching turban and veil, and carried a shower bouquet of pink rosebuds and white carnations.

Mrs. John Lawrence, the matron of honor, was in a dusty rose dress with a matching turban and veil, and wore pink accessories and carried a bouquet of gladioli in harmonizing shades of pink.

A profusion of garden flowers made an attractive setting at the home of the bride's parents for the reception, and the lace-covered supper table was decorated with vases of white asters and centred with the wedding cake. Mrs. Knowles welcomed the guests in a midnight blue sheer dress over printed silk.

MUNROE—PATSER

The marriage of Herbie Ruth, youngest daughter of Mrs. B. Patser, Yorkton, Sask., and Mr. Jess Walence Munroe, Victoria, took place last evening in Grace Lutheran Church at 8:30 o'clock. Rev. T. A. Jansen, of Seattle, officiating. Miss Isabella Haigh presided at the organ. White garden flowers had been arranged in the church, and posies of flowers tied with bows of ribbon marked the guest pews. Mr. Neibhardt gave the bride in marriage, and she wore a floor-length princess gown of white satin and lace, an embroidered net veil which formed a train, and carried a shower bouquet of Ophelia roses, carnations and white heather. Miss Linda Bonnet, the bridesmaid, wore a pink chiffon lace and a doll hat of asters, and carried a bouquet of pink and blue asters and pink carnations. Mr. Charles Mun-

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Will Be Married Shortly

Photo by Campbell.

MISS DAPHNE HOLMES

Photo by Leonard Holmes.

MR. GORDON JOHN SCOTT

Photo by Leonard Holmes.

Social Activities and Notes of Personal Interest

Social and Personal

Surprise Shower.

Mrs. W. Watt and Mrs. C. Douglas were hostesses at a surprise shower held recently at the home of Mrs. Watt, Durfance Road, Brentwood Bay, in honor of Miss Wynona Woodward. Miss Woodward received a set of Pyrex ware, which was concealed in a prettily decorated basket tied with a large bow. A corsage bouquet of pink carnations and heather was presented to the bride-to-be by Miss Sudahine Smith, a visitor from Hollywood. Mrs. Chance Woodward received a corsage bouquet of sweet peas and rosebuds from Mrs. Daly, a visitor from Seattle. Several amusing games were enjoyed and refreshments were served to about fifty guests, all friends or the popular bride-to-be. The lace-covered table was centred with a bowl of carnations, sweet peas and roses. The hostesses were assisted in serving by Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. L. Thompson and Mrs. Daly. The house was decorated for the occasion with late summer flowers.

Gifts Presented.

Mrs. S. Mattin and Mrs. Frank Michelini were hostesses on Thursday at Mrs. Mattin's home on Hillside Avenue in honor of Miss Eve-line Adlem, whose marriage to Mr. E. McCrimmon will take place shortly. The gifts which comprised the "shower" were arranged round an imitation barber's pole, and the room and supper table were decorated in a matching color scheme of red and white. The special cake which centred the table was sur-mounted by a miniature bride and groom. Games were enjoyed, and during the evening the guest of honour was presented with a chenille rug by the members of her sewing club. The guests included Mes-dames B. Brandon, R. Eaton, B. F. Rawaley, H. Pavor, S. Heady,

Hunt, R. Hunt, F. Mattin, Row-Gotham, F. Stock, R. Sage, F. Taylor, R. Woolsey, E. McLean (Vancouver), W. Lewis, Misses F. Aldem, Loraine Johnson and Diane Michelin.

Tea at Empress

Mrs. Francis Brydone-Jack, of San Francisco, and Mrs. E. Cooper, Jr., were hostesses at tea recently in the Elizabethan room of the Empress Hotel in honor of Miss Mimi Rudder, whose marriage to Lieutenant T. J. Marion will take place in October. Miss Hilda Murray, of San Francisco, poured tea and Mrs. L. Mainwaring poured coffee at a table attractively arranged with yellow chrysanthemums and matching candles. The other guests were Mesdames D. D. McTavish, Guy Shepherd, John McTavish, B. Deane-Freeman, Mark Copinger, H. Marion, P. Sands, D. McLean, Bruce McMicking, E. Cooper, Sr., E. Sanders, A. Semple, C. Pearce, H. D. Mainwaring, L. A. Mainwaring, K. A. Thompson and Misses Joan Mainwaring, Olive Reid and Frances Price.

Hostess at Shower.

A miscellaneous shower was arranged by Mrs. W. Ashton and Mrs. W. B. Thompson at the home of Mrs. J. Stephenson, 1617 Burton Avenue, in honor of Miss Dorothy Brooks. A September bride-to-be, Miss Brooks was presented with a corsage bouquet of pink and white asters, and the gifts were concealed in a pink and white box, and presented by little Louise Naysmith. Refreshments were served from a table decorated with pink and white asters, and pink candies in silver bowls. The evening was spent playing games. The invited guests were Mesdames C. Brooks, J. Baron, F. Rawaley, H. Pavor, S. Heady,

Honeymoon Couple Leaves City to Reside in Toronto



D. R. Alexander B. Sinclair, of Toronto, and his bride, the former Miss Magdalene Kabel Wilkinson, of Kitchener, Ont., who were married on August 9 in Zion Evangelical Church, Kitchener, and left Victoria on Friday for Toronto to make their home, after spending the past two weeks here visiting Dr. Sinclair's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald C. Sinclair, 1315 George Street. In the wedding group from left to right

are Dr. Ralph Berry, Toronto, usher; Miss Evelyn Eveleigh and Miss Ida Bellina, Kitchener, bridesmaids; the bride and groom; Captain George Vale, Toronto, best man, and Dr. Hugh McClintock, Toronto, usher. The bride is a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Kabel, of Kitchener.

Rev. C. A. Hirschman officiated at the ceremony, which took place

before an altar banked with pink and white gladioli and ferns. The organ music was played by Mr. Glen Kruspe, and Mrs. Arthur Sauer was the soloist. A reception was held at Forest Hills Gardens where Mrs. Arthur Kabel, the bride's aunt, received in a gown of Chantilly lace and corsage bouquet of rose gladioli. Mrs. Archibald Sinclair, mother of the groom, assisted in

receiving, gowned in midnight blue lace and a corsage bouquet of shell pink roses.

The bride left for Victoria on the honeymoon trip in a dusky pink and navy blue reddingote and navy blue accessories and a corsage of Butterfly roses. Out-of-town guests were Mrs. A. C. Sinclair, Victoria; Dr. and Mrs. Hardy, Miss Bertha Liddy, Toronto; Mrs. H. Stowe and Mr. J. Minshall, Hartford, Mich.

Mrs. L. DeJean in San Francisco before continuing east to Salt Lake City, where she will visit Mrs. L. Thomas. Passing through Chicago, Mrs. Lyons plans to return to her home in Florida towards the end of October.

Returning to Arizona.

Mr. A. S. Nicholson, of Phoenix, Arizona, and his sisters, Mrs. Arthur Dods and Miss Sadie L. Nicholson, arrived in Victoria on Wednesday after a motor-tour of the United States and Eastern Canada. They left Phoenix on July 4 and motored through forty states and five provinces, covering a distance of 12,000 miles. Mr. Nicholson and his sister, Miss Nicholson, left yesterday for Seattle en route home.

Visiting parents.

Mrs. Charles H. Zipser, who recently spent several weeks in Chicago and New York, and stayed with her husband at the estate of Charles A. Agnew, Foxboro, Mass., again visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Lambert, Deep Cove,

Leaves for Toronto.

Miss Ruth McTavish, R.N., daughter of Alderman and Mrs. D. D. McTavish, left yesterday afternoon for Toronto, where she will visit friends for several weeks. She was accompanied as far as Vancouver by her father.

Leaves for Kootenays.

Mr. E. Groutage, Gerda Road, will leave today for a fortnight's holiday in the Kootenays with his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Groutage, of the Douglas Hotel, Trail, who have been visiting here for a short time as his guests.

In Hospital.

Mr. Louis Girdler, who came from Calgary at the end of June, and whose present address is 139 Rendall Street, is now a patient in St. Joseph's Hospital. He was operated on Friday for appendicitis.

Leaves for England.

Major G. C. Bloomfield, Victoria, O.C., the Base Postoffice, Ottawa, has left for England to take over the duties of deputy assistant director of army postal services.

Leaves for Burns Lake.

Miss Margaret Griffiths, Belkirk Avenue, has left for Burns Lake to join the teaching staff of the school there.

Oakland Visitor.

Mr. Robert Bean, Oakland, Calif., is visiting his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Young, of Oakland, and Mrs. D. Menzies, 329 Kingston Street.

Returns to Vancouver.

After spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. Robert Lindgren has returned to the British Columbia Ballet Dancing School in Vancouver.

From Seattle.

Mr. George Gardner, Seattle, is spending the week-end with his mother, Mrs. Gardner, and sister, Miss Diane Gardner, 132 Wellington Avenue.

To The Reason.

Aunt Mary—Why are you taking a black dress to the seaside?

Joan—Well, Henry isn't a very good swimmer, you know.

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Francis: William B. Osborne, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cleigh, Los Angeles; Mr. Arthur C. Waller, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. George R. Moyle, Jr., and son of Ross, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cise, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Graham Hollister, Gaviota, Calif.

Yes, I visit my friends occasionally," said the booklover, "just to look over my library."

JUST ARRIVED New Fall Footwear MUNDAY'S

ROLEX OYSTER

The world's most accurate wristwatch. Waterproof Shockproof Anti-Magnetic Unbreakable Glass. Endorsed by the British Government, Paris Institute of Science, Campbell Hillhurst, EASY CREDIT TERMS ROSE'S

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RUSTIC OAK PLANT STANDS

AT EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES TO CLEAR

1 Round Plant Stand \$5.00

1 Oblong Plant Stand \$9.50

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Campbell Bldg., Cor. Fort and Douglas Phone G 1112



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STEADILY ARRIVING!

Your Inspection Cordially Invited

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Leaving Today
Mrs. John B. Lyon, Clearwater, Florida, who has spent the past month at the Marine Chalet, Oak Bay, will leave today for Seattle en route to Portland for a brief visit to Mr. and Mrs. Alma D. Katz. Mrs. Lyon will spend a fortnight with

Farewell Party.

An farewell party was held in Terry's Rose Room last evening in honor of Miss Marquette Archibald who is leaving for New York to continue her school studies after a two-months' vacation with her mother, Mrs. C. Henderson. The guests were Misses Kay Burns, Jean Ray, Christelle Stevenson, Joan Toma, Margaret Rhodes, Doreen Mills, Georgia Worth, Beverly Armstrong, Flossie Ray; Messrs. Douglas McCaul, Norman Baker, Ralph Baker, R. Mason, Wally Williams, Allen Rhodes, Ritchie Nichol, Arthur, Chapman Jack Skellern, R. Bates, Rex Jackson and Bill McCagny.

Leaving Today

Mrs. John B. Lyon, Clearwater, Florida, who has spent the past month at the Marine Chalet, Oak Bay, will leave today for Seattle en route to Portland for a brief visit to Mr. and Mrs. Alma D. Katz. Mrs. Lyon will spend a fortnight with

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lock, Royal Oak, announce the engagement of their only daughter, Patricia Dorothy, to Mr. William W. Levy, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Levy, 1026 Empress Avenue. The marriage will take place at St. John's Church on Monday evening, September 23, at 8 o'clock.

To Be Married This Month



Photo by Gibson. Photo by Myers.

Photo by Myers.

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Use ZAM-BUK Nightly



* You can quickly soothe away the pain from sore, tired, aching feet and ankles with soothing, healing ZAM-BUK.

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It is a great investment.

It is a great idea.

It is a great product.

VOTERS' LIST TO OPEN TUESDAY

Registration of Victorians Will Continue at City Hall Until October

Registrations for the Victoria municipal voter list will start on Tuesday at the City Hall, and will continue until the end of October. Registrations will be accepted from those possessing the necessary qualifications to vote for mayor, aldermen, and school trustees.

Citizens entitled to exercise the franchise are divided into three classes: Householders, licensees, and property owners. Only British subjects are allowed to vote, and they must be of the full age of twenty-one years.

Property owners' names are taken from the assessment roll and placed on the list automatically, obviating the necessity of registering.

Licensees are persons and corporations, plain, current trades, licences to the city for operation of businesses here, and are also listed automatically if their names appeared on the list last year. If they were not on the voters' list last year, they must take a declaration before officials in the City Hall.

MUST REGISTER

Householders are those who neither own property nor pay trade licences in the city, and are entitled to have their names placed on the list upon payment of road and poll taxes, provided they have been residents of the city since the first of the year. Responsibility for their registration is directly upon them. mere payment of road and poll taxes does not qualify them automatically to vote. Those whose names appeared on the list last year and who have paid both road and poll taxes this year, are not required to register for 1940. Householders claiming exemption from either or both of these taxes must register this year even if their names appeared on last year's list.

What Today Means

"VIRGO"

If September 1 is your birthday, the best hours for you on this date are from 9:45 to 11:45 a.m., from 1:45 to 3:45 p.m., and from 7:45 to 9:45 p.m. The danger periods are from 7:45 to 9:45 a.m., from 5:45 to 7:45 p.m., and from 9:45 to 11:45 p.m.

Doubt will be the underlying cause of a great deal of unjustified suspicion at this time, so be careful how you let it influence your attitude in your personal contacts. You had better be very sure of your grounds before disputing the accuracy of anyone's statement. Be generous with your smiles, as they may help to make many other people happy. Disagreeable ideas will pass quickly, so give them a chance to do so before acting upon them. You, and you alone, have control of your voice, and can make a discordant or agreeable as you see fit, and it will be largely a matter of its regulation whether it will make an important factor in making this a pleasant or disagreeable day for you. Married and engaged couples will do well to remember "since it is reason which shapes and regulates all other things, it ought not itself to be left in disorder." And that through the maintenance of their mental equilibrium they can avoid creating any sense of confusion on this date.

If a woman and September 1 is your birthday, a high degree of refinement is hated among your natural attributes, and you should make every effort to preserve it. Through your keeping a wholesome state of mind, nothing can have a coarse effect upon you. Hold steadfast to high ideals, for they are essential to your future success. Through your efforts as an instructor, interior decorator, milliner, modiste, beautician, news reporter, author, artist, musician, sales agent or business operator, your success may win you high praise and a satisfactory bank account. Regulate your matrimonial affairs as you know they should be regulated.

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Stewart Theatres are within easy
walking distance on the level
WITH PRIVATE BATH
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EXCELLENT DINING ROOM AT MODERATE PRICES
Send for Folder—gives complete
Tariff, Describes points of interest
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Trade Commissioner
Here Wednesday



C. S. BISNETT

CANADIAN Government trade commissioner at Havana, Cuba, who will be in Victoria on Wednesday. Firms wishing to contact him can do so by getting in touch with Archie Pearce, secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, 7 Winch Building, 640 Port Street, or by telephoning E4514.

and you ought to be well satisfied with your results.

The child born on September 1 has generally the gift of making other people happy. An optimistic, cheerful nature is usually responsible for keeping this youngster in a good humor and ever ready to enter wholeheartedly into the discharging of his duties. Consistently good work usually bears good fruit, as this youngster will probably prove to everyone's complete satisfaction.

If a man and September 1 is your natal day, there are every evidence that you have sufficient persistence and ability to enable you to do well if you make the effort to achieve success. As an accountant, restaurateur, real estate agent, manufacturer, financier, promoter, salesman, actor, author, clergyman, office manager, explorer or public official, you ought to be able to make an outstanding record.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2 "VIRGO"

If September 2 is your birthday, the best hours for you on this date are from 8 to 10 a.m., from 2 to 4 p.m., and from 8 to 8 p.m. The danger periods are from 6 to 8 a.m., from 6 to 8 p.m., and from 10 p.m. until midnight.

This Labor Day should be conducive for thoughts of a constructive nature to come to you, and one that might be most helpful for you to dwell on is: "Diligence increases the fruit of toil." A diligent man wrestles with losses. Through the weighing of opinions you are able to view many subjects more clearly. Dangerously decided change and through them your spirit of patriotism is likely to be greatly enhanced. Your disposition will reflect your mental attitude today, so let no form of resentment irritate or inflame your thoughts. Give the average person the benefit of a reasonable doubt as to their having any intention, through action or word, to arouse your anger. If you wish to avoid becoming engaged in some form of argument, Discretion will be the better part of valor today if you suppress any desire you might have to say uncomplimentary things in a public place. Ignorance and ill-breeding will be largely responsible for most of today's flagrant displays of rudeness, so it might be diplomatic to ignore any that you might witness. Married and engaged couples, and those whose professions of love are receiving earnest consideration, must be honest with themselves in determining what constitutes proper procedure in the regulation of their behavior, if they expect this to be to their liking.

If a woman and September 2 is your birthday, you ought to be able to make up your mind regarding important issues without the slightest degree of hesitation. Your conscience is not apt to be an elastic one, so do not be surprised if it is very annoying whenever you subject it to any strain. Your activities as a journalist, professional shopper, purchasing agent, writer, teacher, artist, musician or director of a business, are apt to result in your making money, and a reputation second to none. Love will be the influencing agency through which you can expect to obtain complete satisfaction in the administration of your married affairs.

The child born on September 2 should be taught to do things in moderation, and to avoid overexerting himself in attempting exhibitions of his strength or agility. If a man and September 2 is your natal day, if you do not evade issues but face them squarely your chance of succeeding will be greatly enhanced. Through educational, theatrical, musical, literary, medical, legal, chemical, or a specialized line of commercial work, you may attain an enviable position in your line of activity.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3 "VIRGO"

If September 3 is your birthday, the best hours for you on this date are from 8:15 to 10:15 a.m., from 2:15 to 4:15 p.m., and from 8:15 to 10:15 p.m. The danger periods are from 6:15 to 8:15 a.m., from 6:15 to 8:15 p.m., and from 10:15 p.m. until midnight.

Recognize your limitations today and you will not undertake more than you can do efficiently. Optimism must be tempered with common sense today, so guard against enthusiasm sweeping you off your feet. Dog-owners can only prove their love for them by exercising patience today, overlooking their unintentional faults and recognizing their plea for attention. Do not

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of our education we got early! Even though there'll be scads of school kids there Tuesday, it won't take long to get our books . . . they have everything arranged so that it's easy to find what you want, and the staff there give us that quick, snappy service we want! Dad says our Charge Account is going to come in right handy this month! I guess "The Bay" just knows what we want and gets it for us!

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Yes, all the "Accessories to a Good Education," moderately priced await you at "The Bay" . . . beginner or away on college. Check the Extra Specials . . . note the moderate prices of all the items! From "paper clips to typewriters" it's Extra Selling Space . . . Help us serve you quickly by having a list of your needs to give the salesperson!

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Ruled or plain. Extra pages.

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• 3 Ring Binders. Blue canvas stiff cover. Each 59c

EXTRA SPECIAL LOOSE-LEAF BINDERS

200 Only—Regular 39c. 2-Ring Stiff-Cover Binders, complete with refill and blotter. Special, each 29c

3-RING BINDERS

Stiff covers. Complete with 50 refill sheets. Each

CLINE'S SCIENCE NOTEBOOKS

Complete

Extra refill for above

LOOSE-LEAF BINDER AND REFILL

Extra Special—2-Ring Binder with extra heavy cover in black or brown fabrikoid. Regular 25c. Special, each 19c

LOOSE-LEAF REFILLS

2-Hole, 55 sheets

3-HOLE REFILLS

Ruled and plain. 100 sheets

LOOSE-LEAF REINFORCEMENTS

Box of 100

5c

10c

25c

5c

5c

10c

25c

5c

10c

PERSONAL ITEMS and SOCIAL HAPPENINGS

COMEDY GIVEN BIG RECEPTION

Gertrude Lawrence Receives Ovation From Audience at Royal Victoria Theatre

Random local speculations concerning Gertrude Lawrence were set at rest last night with her triumphant introduction to a Victoria audience which filled the Royal Victoria Theatre to see the distinguished English actress in Samson Raphaelson's scintillating comedy, "Skylark."

Frequently punctuated by spontaneous bursts of laughter from the spectator's side of the footlights, the performance was a success, not only for Miss Lawrence, but for her entire company, and the evening was perfectly rounded out by the gracious little speech of thanks and appreciation with which the leading lady said good-by after being called back to the stage a third time at the end of the play.

"Sparkling, sophisticated, thoroughly modern in style and pace, both in thought and treatment, would call for full marks even from the old Victorian standards. The story revolves round a wife's efforts to recapture her husband's affections and wear his interest away from absorbing business back to herself. It proved an ideal vehicle for Miss Lawrence, who played the part of Lydia Kenyon, as well as for John Emery, who played the rôle of Tony, who was tempted to wonder how Tony could ever forget her even for such a fascinating business as advertising. Few actresses have better mastered the art of moving about the stage and doing it spontaneously, naturally, and with impulsive consistency. Whether in tears, laughter, or temper, she was completely inside the part, and the "level places between," when she was merely the wife of Tony Kenyon meeting her husband's friends, found her equally consistent in the mask she wore. Although the part called for comedy far more than deeply emotional powers of acting, there were several moments in the play when something in her gift in this field also were revealed.

BEST ACTING
Animated, graceful, with an en-

Engagements Announced



Photo by York
MISS ALICE PARKINSON

Mrs. and Mrs. John Lund Parkinson, 1235 Lyall Street, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Alice Marguerite, to Mr. F. E. Lawton, Sask., to Mr. Edward Charles Ball, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Ball, Menages Street. The wedding will take place in mid-October.

chanting speaking voice of alluring nuance, and delightful variety and charm of expression and movement. Miss Lawrence made Lydia so attractive that, caught up in the realism of the play, one was tempted to wonder how Tony could ever forget her even for such a fascinating business as advertising. Few actresses have better mastered the art of moving about the stage and doing it spontaneously, naturally, and with impulsive consistency. Whether in tears, laughter, or temper, she was completely inside the part, and the "level places between," when she was merely the wife of Tony Kenyon meeting her husband's friends, found her equally consistent in the mask she wore. Although the part called for comedy far more than deeply emotional powers of acting, there were several moments in the play when something in her gift in this field also were revealed.

JOHN EMERY
John Emery was dignified, reserved, and convincing, and as the chronically tippy and cynical Bill Blaikie, to whom were assigned some of the most succinct epigrams of the play, Glenn Anders excelled.

The cast was excellently balanced with William David and Edith Gresham as Ned and Charlotte Franklin, and Vivian Vance and Robert Burton as the Valentines. Miss Vance carried out her "new" rôle as the friend, Myrtle, with realistic cottiness. Other parts were played by Walter Gilbert, Joaquin Souther and Anna Driscoll.

The play is ideal for touring purposes, a single stage setting of an attractively sophisticated living room in a country house being used throughout.

JOAN LAWRENCE
Joan Lawrence was superb in her

RED CROSS UNIT PLANS BIG FETE

Cordova Bay Branch Will Hold County Fair at McMorran's Pavilion Tomorrow.

Everything is in readiness for the Cordova Bay Red Cross county fair, which will be held in and around McMorran's Pavilion tomorrow. Reeve A. G. Lambrik, of Saanich, will open the show at 1:30 p.m.

The beach has been gaily decorated for the occasion, which promises to be one of the most outstanding events of the season at the bay. Sideshows, floor shows and a good-sized midway will provide fun and amusement for young and old alike.

The Kinsmen Boys' Band will be at hand to supply music throughout the afternoon. At 6 o'clock, with the Coligny Dance Band, will display his skill at slight-of-hand tricks and will also show his well-known stilt-jacket act.

DOG SHOW FOR CHILDREN
A dog show has been arranged for the children as well as a penny midway, with a large lucky dipstand and many other attractions.

The fair will continue during the day and most of the night. The committee in charge is as follows: Mrs. George Powell, chairman; George Russell, managing secretary; W. A. Roper, assistant managing secretary; Miss L. Williams, correspondence secretary; J. A. Kent, treasurer; A. Leffler, decorations; H. Sutter, midway; and Albert Eales, property man. This committee will be assisted by members of the Cordova Bay Red Cross Unit and Cordova Bay Recreation Club.

The Boy Scouts of the Royal Oak troop, under Scoutmaster Goddard, and St. John Ambulance Corps will also be in attendance.

RED CROSS
ENGAGEMENTS
HARBINSON—BELL
Mr. and Mrs. David Bell, 2407 Cook Street, announce the engagement of their second daughter, Victoria Kathleen, to Mr. Eric Harbinson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Harbinson, 1214 Carlisle Street, Victoria. The wedding will take place quietly on September 25.

RICE—KEDDY
The engagement is announced between Evelyn Margaret Keddy, only daughter of Mrs. M. E. Stephen 921 Fort Street, and the late Mr. Alfred W. Keddy and Mr. Edward Michael Rice, only son of Mr. Thomas B. Rice, Brentwood, and the late Mrs. Rice. The wedding will take place on September 26 in Victoria.

GREEN—HEATER

The engagement is announced of Gertrude Ruth Heater, only daughter of Mrs. Angus McDonald, 2814 Parkview Drive, and the late Capt. George William Heater, to Mr. Victer Robert Green, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Green, Toloxor Avenue. The marriage will take place in the latter part of September.

CRAIG—BARON

Mr. and Mrs. J. Baron, 723 Field Street, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Ella, to Mr. Kenneth M. Craig, only son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Craig, 768 Kings Road, Victoria. The wedding will take place on September 25, at St. Albans Church.

ADAMS—AARONSON

The honorary treasurer of Red Cross acknowledges the following gifts:

Greater Victoria District

Lawn Bowling Association, proceeds from tournament, \$37; Brentwood

MINTO DISTRICT UNIT

Although Red Cross work has been organized in the Minto district of British Columbia less than a month, the members of this unit have turned in more than 100 finished articles and sponsored a concert which realized the sum of \$60. The Minto School Board placed a room in the school at the disposal of the workers.

MORE DONATIONS

The honorary treasurer of Red

Cross acknowledges the following gifts:

Greater Victoria District

Lawn Bowling Association, proceeds from tournament, \$37; Brentwood

CHENAINUS UNIT

With three emergency demands developing within the past week, including a request from the Department of Defence to co-operate in the provision of eight convalescent hospitals in Canada, the Canadian Red Cross Society will launch a nation-wide appeal on September 23 with an objective of not less than \$5,000,000. "Almost all the \$5,000,000 contributed voluntarily during our campaign last November has been spent in meeting the emergency calls upon Red Cross during the past year," Mr. Sommerville said. "Four million dollars has been spent in actual war work, and \$725,000 for our peacetime services."

ENTERTAIN MEN

The Esquimalt C.Y.O. entertained

soldiers and sailors in the K of G.

Army Hall in the Queen of Peace

Church Hall, Old Esquimalt Road

on Wednesday evening. On Sunday

evening, September 8, a concert will

be given by the C.Y.O. In the hut, to

which members of the forces are

invited. Men in uniform are also

invited to visit the hut any evening

in the week from 7 to 10 o'clock.

There is a comfortable reading and

writing room, and a large hall for

games has been provided.

Returned From Honeymoon



MR AND MRS. G. W. BARNES
(Nee Dauphin), Who Were Married Recently in the Church of Our Lord, and Have Returned Here to Make Their Home, Having Spent Their Honeymoon in Vancouver.

Marriage Is Held In Vancouver



Photo by Robert Port
MRS. FRANK O. WHITE (NÉE CRAIG)

Mrs. R. John A. Craig, Doreen Place, Victoria, announce the marriage of his eldest daughter, Muriel Armour, to Mr. Frank Oliver White, Jr., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. White, of Vancouver. The wedding took place quietly at St. Paul's Anglican Church, Vancouver, at 2 p.m. yesterday.

Unit, additional \$5; Red Cross garden galas at Government House \$12,422.63; employees, Comodated Whaling Co., \$215; Dorothy and Annie May Jaynes, sale of home-made candy, \$2.35; Jacqueline Mackie, Pat Greenhill, Patricia Pennington, Peggy Woodhouse, proceeds from play, \$9.10.

FOR FOODS

On recommendation of the deputy commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross Society Overseas, the national executive made an appropriation of \$100,000 to cover food for prisoners-of-war parcels and other emergencies; and the purchasing committee was authorized to purchase a consignment for immediate shipment to London. The supplies are sent to the Canadian Red Cross distribution centre in England and are distributed by the overseas committee and the International Red Cross committee through its inspectors through the camps to make sure that prisoners are properly treated and receive their parcels.

CHENAINUS UNIT

Additional workers will be needed this month by the Chenainus Red Cross when the Fall work gets under way. Interested women are invited to the rooms in the Masonic Building, Chenainus. Mrs. L. McLauchlan is in charge of surgical dressings and bandages, and Mrs. H. E. Headley is supervising the cutting and other work. Shipments for July and August included socks, swallows, scarves, sundry knitted garments, dressing gowns, surgical and bed jackets, refugee dresses, bandages, and blankets.

The committee will help the general Red Cross drive starting September 23. Need for civilian knitted garments was stressed, also clothing for older refugee boys and girls. Donations needing alterations may be turned over to the Baptist Church sewing circle, which meets weekly at the home of the president, Mrs. F. Bristol.

COVALENTES HOSPITALS

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PARCELS FOR PRISONERS

Local Red Cross headquarters have been advised that no personal prisoners-of-war parcels can be forwarded by the British Red Cross at present. It is to be particularly noted that this decision covers only the personal or family parcel, and in no way affects regulation parcels sent to all British and Canadian prisoners of war six times a month.

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There is a comfortable reading and

writing room, and a large hall for

games has been provided.

Returned From Honeymoon



MISS JEAN STRAIGHT
DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. E. M. STRAIGHT, 2060 Beach Drive, Who will leave here next week for Lexington, Ky., to attend university. She will accompany her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. David Macfarlane, who have positions on the university staff, and will return to Kentucky after a short holiday here. Miss Straight was educated at North Saanich High School and had one year at Victoria College.

BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO LAST!

... HOW WOULD THEY SAY THAT ABOUT BOB AND ME?

JOAN TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CAVITIES. TO PREVENT THIS, PROPERLY, RECOMMEND COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING ACTION REMOVES THESE ODOR-BEARING DEPOSITS... AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH
... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath. In addition, Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth sparkle with natural brilliance! Always use Colgate's Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it.

For those who prefer it, Colgate's Tooth Powder will give the same Colgate results.

DANCE FOR HEALTH, DEPORTMENT, PLEASURE!

DOROTHY COX

Member Royal Academy of Dancing, Associate Imperial Society, London, England

* TERM COMMENCES SEPTEMBER 9 *

* THOROUGH AND RELIABLE TRAINING IN BALLET - TAP - GREEK - HIGHLAND - BALLROOM

BRITISH BALLET SCHOOL
1131 Burdett, Victoria. Phone E 7318 10 O.F. Hall, Duncan. Phone 3013

The

MORGAN HOTEL

QUALICUM BEACH

Right on the Beach

SPECIAL RATES FOR SEPTEMBER (INCLUDING MEALS)

Daily: Single, \$3.50; Double, \$6.50 - Weekly: Single, \$21; Double, \$40

Rooms With Bath, Twin Beds and Private Veranda
Double, \$8 Per Day, \$50 Per Week

THREE NAZIS RECAPPED

Continued from Page 1

MARINE—TRANSPORTATION

WAR EFFORT IMPRESSIVE

Chairman of C.N.R. Satisfied Canada Is Playing Big Part

MONTREAL, Aug. 31—Concluding a 7,000-mile inspection trip of the main and secondary lines of the railway between Montreal and the Pacific Coast, S. J. Hungerford, chairman and president of the Canadian National system, returned to his headquarters at Montreal this morning. During his trip, the railway chief conferred with provincial, civic, business and agricultural leaders, visiting Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria, Prince Rupert, Fort William, Port Arthur and many smaller centres.

"Everywhere one was impressed by the immense extent of Canada's war effort," declared Mr. Hungerford. "Immediately before going West I was on the Atlantic seaboard at Halifax, and it may be truly said that from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific our resources in man power and in material are being utilized to the end that victory may be won. Every existing industry appears to have been affected by the call for materials and large new plants are also being erected to handle work never hitherto undertaken in the Dominion."

"I am happy to say, also, that in this effort the railways of Canada will continue to play their tremendously important role with the utmost efficiency. They have never been better prepared, and everywhere I have been I have seen indications of the highest standards of work and of morale." During the months ahead the traffic load on our arteries to the seaboard will greatly exceed any peak reached in the last war, and I am confident that a very satisfactory job will be done. It is in such times as these that the people of the Dominion realize the value of their great railways."

The storage and marketing of

To Undergo Training As R.C.A.F. Pilot



Photo by Cherer.

FRANK HENIGAN

Son of Mrs. S. W. Belyea, 3041 East Grey Street, who left Victoria recently for Toronto, to enter the Royal Canadian Air Force for training as a pilot. He is twenty-one years old.

Contract Awarded Packard Company For Crash Boats

OTTAWA, Aug. 31 (CP)—A \$2,500,000 contract announced with the Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, for "aircraft supplies" is made up chiefly of an order for air-force crash boats, it was learned yesterday from the Munitions and Supply Department.

These boats capable of fifty miles an hour, are powered by three engines. The engines are replaceable like airplane engines, making easy their replacement after a certain amount of wear.

GATHERING TO SAY FAREWELL

Local Yachtsmen Will Tender Party to Commodore of R.V.Y.C.

Canada's wheat crop is, of course, a serious and perplexing problem, and it is one which is not susceptible to any quick and ready solution. With all the interests concerned co-operating, an arrangement will be worked out to alleviate as much as possible the situation. In volume and in quality the crop is certainly an excellent one—one of the best for many years—and while there may be a lengthy delay, the crop of 1940 will reach consumers as crops of other years have done."

PRICES OF HALIBUT

PRINCE RUPERT, Aug. 31 (CP)—Halibut landings: Canadian—66,000 pounds at 10 cents to 12 cents and .8 cents. American—36,000 pounds at 10 cents to 11 cents and 8 cents.

Materially-minded men and women don't really unite, only through spiritual unity can people progress—Lady Astor.

The storage and marketing of

CANNED FISH GUARANTEED

Every Case of Salmon Subject to Rigid Inspection At Laboratory

Out of 1,661,938 cases of canned salmon inspected in 1939 at the Federal Canned Salmon Inspection Laboratory, Vancouver, only 169 cases were rejected as failing to come to grade "B" standard, at least.

All salmon canned in British Columbia—and it is in British Columbia that practically all Canada's output of canned salmon is packed—must be inspected by trained chemists of the laboratory staff before being marketed.

Under the inspection system salmon is classified in three divisions: The "certificate class" of fish found worthy of certification, as fresh, firm, well packed and in good merchantable condition; grade "B," or salmon that is sound and wholesome, but not quite up to certificate requirements; and the third division, which is salmon not eligible for either of the first two classes and therefore rejected as unfit for use. Rejected salmon, of course, is not allowed to be sent to market.

Pigues for last year's pack showed a certificate 1,602,811 cases; grade "B," 58,057 cases rejected, 169 cases. Included in the grade "B" division were 6,248 cases broken with tips and tails, 848 cases of flaked and minced, and twenty-four cases of smoked canned salmon. These under inspection regulations, which are made under authority of the Meat and Canned Foods Act, are not eligible for certification. Cases in all instances are forty-eight-pounds cases.

The maintenance of the inspection system is one of the steps taken by the Dominion Department of Fisheries to protect the consumer of Canadian canned salmon and to guarantee a product of sound quality. Each tin of salmon put up in British Columbia shows on its label a definition of its contents, and bears the word "Canada" embossed on the lid, except in the case of salmon which is marked as grade "B."

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GOING:

Lv. Victoria - - - 8:30 A.M.
Ar. Vancouver - - - 1:15 P.M.

• LUNCH 75¢ DINNER 75¢

• Lunch dinner for children, 40c each.

• Lunch counter service.

• Cafeterias at attractive rates.

• Orchestra on board.

\$2.00
ADULTS
RETURN
Children Half Fare

Labor Day Excursion to VICTORIANA

Monday, Sept. 2 - SS. Princess Alice

GOING:

Lv. Vancouver 6:00 P.M.
Ar. Victoria 10:45 P.M.

• LUNCH 75¢ DINNER 75¢

• Lunch dinner for children, 40c each.

• Cafeterias at attractive rates.

• Orchestra on board.

Canadian Pacific

TRAVEL BARGAINS to the Prairies

RETURN FARES FROM VICTORIA 30-Day Return Limit

TO	Couch	Tourist	Standard
Calgary	\$19.75	\$23.45	\$26.60
Calgary (via Edmonton)	23.30	27.65	31.40
Edmonton	23.30	27.65	31.40
Saskatoon	32.40	38.40	43.80
Regina	32.75	38.85	44.35
Winnipeg	40.60	44.95	55.15
Port Arthur	52.25	61.75	71.05

*Bus Regular, Buses Charged.

Holiday in the Rockies

Stopovers permitted at all points. Plan to spend a few days in the mountains. You will enjoy the change of scene. It can be as inexpensive as you wish.

Proportionately Lower Fares from Interior Points
Children 5 Years and Under 12, Half Fare.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CANADIAN PACIFIC

SPECIAL REDUCTION IN ROUND TRIP RAIL FARES

BETWEEN ALL STATIONS IN CANADA,
for
TEACHERS and STUDENTS
Attending Fall and Winter School Term

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY TO OCT. 15
Return within period April 15 to June 30, 1941, upon certification by Principal or Bursar.

FULL PARTICULARS FROM ANY AGENT.

CANADIAN PACIFIC C.R.P. **CANADIAN NATIONAL**

Old Kentucky CIGARETTES

OTTAWA, Aug. 31 (CP)—Formation of a Royal Canadian Air Force Service Flying Training School at Yorkton, Sask., with two relief fields close by, was announced today by the Department of National Defence for Aug.

RIDICULOUS

Mrs. Jones was old-fashioned, and when a friend asked her to visit her at an hotel she was extremely nervous.

Inquiring the number of her friend's room at the entrance, she was told to take the lift. There a small boy opened the door for her.

"Are you going up, madam?" asked the boy, politely.

"Yes, I am, my boy," she answered, with a kindly smile, "but a little boy like you can't pull me all the way to the fourth floor in that thing!"

1941 HUDSON IS HERE TODAY

"I never saw a more beautiful automobile!"
"That's because its colors harmonize completely inside and out!"

"Look! Even the carpet and floor mat harmonize with the color scheme."
"Yes . . . and you get this complete color harmony at no extra cost!"

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SUITCASES, BAGS AND SCHOOL CASES OF ALL KINDS



For Going Back to College, High or Private Schools
A Full Selection of Sizes, Makes and Values That Will Be Appreciated

ENGLISH VULCAN FIBRE SCHOOL CASES—With reinforced corners, lock and strong handle. Black, brown and navy. Sizes 12, 14, 16 and 18 inches, priced according to size. **\$1.25, \$1.59, \$1.75, \$1.95**

FIBRE CASES—of wood frame, with strong clasp and lock. Reinforced corners. Black and brown. Sizes 14 and 16, priced according to size. **\$1.35 and \$1.55**

FIBRE SCHOOL CASES—on strong wood frame. These have two safety clasps. Sizes 14 and 16-inch. **\$1.00**

GENUINE LEATHER GLADSTONE BAGS FOR MEN—Made on steel frame with leather straps and corners. Partition and pockets inside, with or without suit hangers. Black or brown. **\$10.50 to \$17.95**

JUNIOR GLADSTONE BAGS FOR MEN—To match the above. Ideal for week-end trips. Black or brown. **\$10.50 to \$17.95**

STEAMER AND BOX TRUNKS—Of finest makes. A good assortment at... **\$14.95**

MEN'S CLUB BAGS—of smooth, black cowhide. Sewn frame, polished lock and catches. Stitched corners. Neatly lined and contains pocket. 19-inch. **\$16.50**

The "Two-Suitcase,"
24-inch... **\$14.95**

Other models in enhanced shark-grain cowhide. Black or brown. **\$9.50 to \$12.50**

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According to Culbertson

"Dear Mr. Culbertson: The following hand illustrates how psychological tuning on behalf of the declarer and lack of foresight plus vulnerability to a marked degree on the part of the defender 'blew' an elegant chance to defeat a small slam.

"South, dealer.

"Both sides vulnerable.

NORTH

▲ Q 4
▼ A 7
♦ J 9 7 3
♣ A K 6 3

WEST EAST
▲ 10 7 6 ▲ K J 9 8 5 3
▼ Q 8 4 2 ▼ K 9 3
♦ 6 5 ♦ 4
♣ Q 10 8 2 ♣ J 7 5

SOUTH

▲ A 2
▼ 10 6 5
♦ A K Q 10 8 2
♣ 9 4

"The bidding:
South West North East
1 ♦ Pass 3 ♦ Pass
4 ♦ Pass 4 ♦ Pass
4 N.T. Pass 5 N.T. Pass
6 ♦ Pass Pass

"West opened a middle-sized club. Dummy hopped up with the king and a small trump was led to the closed hand, topped by the ace. The king plucked the last adverse trump, East, eagerly discarding the spade eight, significance of which did not escape the highly ambitious declarer. Visions of a set of one to two tricks already had descended upon him. He pushed his last club toward the ace, then ruffed the third round. A small trump put the lead back on the board and the last club was trumps.

"Now South nonchalantly tossed down the heart-ace and avoided development. West, too, waited patiently and played low, dummy accomodating likewise. West surveyed the situation and declined the trick. Thus the fat was in the fire. With mucho gusto, declarer played another heart-to-the-ace. East still might have salvaged the defence by underplaying his king, but a moment later dummy's last heart trapped him with the undesired lead and he was a gone goslin. Obviously, the return of a spade from the previously advertised king made the finesse to the queen a cakewalk.

"Aside from the assistance rendered by the Desperate Defenders, should a small slam have been attempted on this hand, or should the bidding have followed a different pattern? I wonder also if there are any more legitimate ways of making the hand in the long run through a more subtle procedure. P.B., New York."

"It is too bad that North and South were so ambitious and reached a slam on this deal, because in so doing they spoiled what would have been an elegant problem for a mere game contract in diamonds. There was no earthly way to take

twelve tricks, always excepting, of course, such a remarkably "defence" as was offered. West, by ducking the heart ten, and East, by being so coy about accepting the first heart trick offered, made declarer's lot a veritable bed of roses.

"Just a word about the bidding. North was far too enthusiastic about his honor trick holding! His four heart bid was bad from every angle, inasmuch as it showed a playable heart suit which, of course, was not there. South's bidding was quite legitimate.

"As I have said, there was no play whatever for six diamonds, but if the partners had rested at five diamonds there would have been a nice play. At this legitimate contract, although three no trump would have been much safer, the best and winning line of play would be: Win the opening club lead in dummy; draw two rounds of trumps; cash the other club honor, and ruff a club. Return to the diamond jack and ruff the last club. Then lay down the ace and deuce of spades. Now, with the spades and clubs stripped from both hands, the defenders would have to open up the heart suit and, of course, a heart lead from either East or West would assure declarer of two tricks in the heart suit.

"WEDNESDAY'S HAND
South, dealer.
Neither side, vulnerable.
NORTH
▲ 10 9 5 2
▼ Q 10 7 5
♦ A 7
♣ 9 5 3

WEST EAST
▲ A K 6 4 3 ▲ J 8
▼ 8 ▼ 9 6 4 3 2
♦ 10 3 □ 9 6 5 2
♣ A J 10 6 2 □ 8 4

SOUTH
▲ Q 7
▼ A K J
♦ K Q 8 4
♣ K Q 7

Mr. Culbertson will discuss this hand in Wednesday's column.

**Claims Hospital
Open to Indians**

PORL ALBERNI, Aug. 31 (CP)—Hospitalization is not denied to Indian maternity cases in which complications may be expected. Dr. A. L. McQuarrie, assistant director of medical services, told a delegation of West Coast Indians here yesterday.

Dr. McQuarrie's statement was made in connection with complaints of Indian bands in the Alberni district they had received unjust treatment in the matter of family medical aid. The Indians allege two Indian women died recently because they were unable to secure adequate medical attention.

It is too bad that North and South

were so ambitious and reached a

slam on this deal, because in so

doing they spoiled what would have

been an elegant problem for a

mere game contract in diamonds.

There was no earthly way to take

Be humble and be just.

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FOUNTAIN PENS FOR STUDENTS

NO. 225—EIGHTY-SECOND YEAR

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1940

CLEVELAND RALLIES TO WIN IN THE TWELFTH, 5-4

Final Race Meeting Of Season Will Open Saturday at Willows

More Than 300 Thoroughbreds Will Be Stabled Here for Fourteen Days' Galloping—Improvements Have Been Carried Out at Local Track—Meet Will Wind Up on September 23

Horse racing, the "sport of kings," will return to the Willows track next Saturday afternoon when the curtain lifts on the 1940 meeting and the final galloping on British Columbia tracks this year.

NEW JUDGES' STAND

In keeping with the larger racing tracks on the North American Continent, judging facilities at the Willows will be improved this year. A new stand is being constructed on the roof of the large grandstand and the old judges' box on the ground will be cut down to seven feet.

A new "camera eye" is being brought over from the Mainland and, according to information given out here yesterday, the photo finish pictures will be larger.

The large grandstand has also been receiving attention in preparation for this coming meet, being given a coating of new paint and is now dressed up for the occasion.

Galloping at "Little Saratoga" will finish tomorrow and immediately following the close of the meet, there will be steady shipping of thoroughbreds to the Willows for the meet starting Saturday, September 7.

The popular five-furlong racing strip has had its "face lifted" and is reported to be free of stones. Considerable work has been done since the 1939 meet, and it was stated here yesterday that the track will be faster than in previous years.

RANKINE IS RACE LEADER

Entries for Dog Show Will Close Here Saturday

ENTRIES for the Victoria City Kennel Club championship show, at the Willows, Saturday, September 14, are already pouring in, show officials announced yesterday. The event is being staged in conjunction with the Provincial Exhibition, and promises to attract the pick of Canadian and American dog fanciers. The canines will be housed in the dog show building, behind the main building at the Willows exhibition grounds, with judging scheduled to commence at 10:30 o'clock in the morning. Entries will close on Saturday, September 7, and may be left at the Modern Pharmacy, Douglas and Johnson Streets, or sent to Mrs. Clark, secretary, 138 Wellington Avenue.

RANKINE IS RACE LEADER

Veteran Captures Top Honors in Canadian National Marathon

TORONTO, Aug. 31 (CP)—Robert "Scoty" Rankine, of Preston, Ont., one of Canada's outstanding distance runners, won the ten-mile run at the Canadian National Exhibition's annual track meet today, defeating a field of leading Canadian distance runners by a good margin.

It was Rankine's fifth victory in as many starts in this annual exhibition event. His time of 59:15.7, however, was not near his own record for the event of 53:28. The veteran Harold Temple, from the Hamilton Olympic Club, followed Rankine to the tape. Milt Wallace, of Toronto's West End YMCA, was third.

Matches for Friday, home team first mentioned, follow:

V.H.S. Alumni vs. "K" Boys.

Young's Cafe vs. Hi-Way Supers.

Aces vs. Oaklands Hornets.

BOWLING MEETING

An important meeting of the Olympic Senior Temple Bowling League will be held at the alleys, Yates Street, Thursday night, when team entries will be accepted.

Athletic Club, the Shore Athletic Club of Elizabeth, N.J., monopolized the 100-yard open handicap dash for men, taking the first three places.

Eulace Peacock, former Temple University Negro sprint star, was favored to win the event but couldn't catch the leaders in the final.

"K" Boys increased their margin over the third-place Young's Cafe by defeating the crafsmen, 10-8. Don Robinson, of the "K" Boys, won four games to lead his team, while M. Robinson was top for Young's Cafe with three wins.

V.H.S. Alumni won two matches from Hi-Way Supers, to take a seven-point lead over them in the race for the fourth and last play-off position. Both matches were exceptionally close, with the Alumni nosing out their opponents, 9-7, in each match. Browne-Cave was best for the Alumni, and Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Hudson were best for the Supers.

Scores follow:

"K" Boys-K. Elston 2, Eva Elston 2, D. Robinson 2, R. Dawson 2 Total, 8.

Oakland Hornets-L. Greenwood 1, Mrs. Greenwood 3, E. Scud 3, A. Scud 1, Total, 8.

"K" Boys-K. Elston 3, H. Jarvis 3, R. Dawson 0, D. Robinson 4 Total, 10.

Young's Cafe-J. Jarvis 1, M. Robinson 1, Jordan 1, D. Robinson 3, Total, 6.

V.H.S. Alumni-D. White 3, J. Hayes 1, Total, 9.

Hi-Way Supers-Mrs. Hudson 3.

Joan Langdon Not To Attempt Swimming Record Tomorrow

JAN Langdon, Vancouver's ace swimming mermaid, who smacked the existing fifty-yard breast stroke world's record at the recently-held Kelowna Regatta, and who was scheduled for an attempt at another standard tomorrow over the century distance at Theta Lake, will not be able to make the mark. It was announced yesterday by local aquatic authorities. Miss Langdon sent a telegram stating she would be unable to come to the city, but may do so in the very near future. The Vancouver miss shattered the record held by Katherine Rawls, of Miami, Florida, by traveling the distance in 34.5 seconds, which was one-tenth of a second under the recognised limit. All the events carded at Theta Lake have been called off.

Please address all queries to Cartoonist Ripley, c/o King Features, New York City, N.Y.

EXPLANATION FOR YESTERDAY'S RIPLEY CARTOON

The Buckstone—the famous Rocking Stone known as the "Buckstone" near Monmouth, England, is situated on the brow of a hill at an inclination of 25 degrees. Any pebble placed in this position will roll down the declivity and yet the rocking stage, 33 feet in circumference and 24 feet high, is nicely balanced, so as to require no more than four inches. The Buckstones begin to move at the approach of sinners and malefactors. The Druids used to practice their religious rites around this stone, which they regarded with great veneration.

Please address all queries to Cartoonist Ripley, c/o King Features, New York City, N.Y.

Win Island Softball Championship

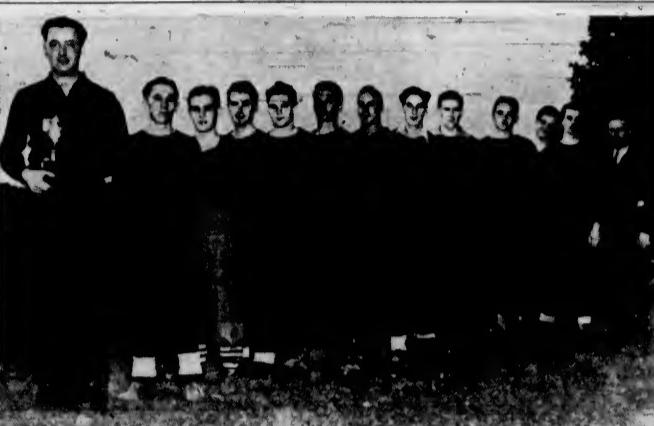


Photo by Staff Photographer
MEMBERS of the Harknett Fuel softball team, Vancouver Island senior "B" champions, pictured above, will leave tonight for Vancouver, where tomorrow they are scheduled to oppose Ivanhoe Hotel-Mainland titleholders, in the British Columbia finals. The game will be played at Connaught Park, commencing at 2 o'clock. Fuelmen—Johnny Kennedy, "Pop" Sage, Ted Ladysmith in straight games, and Bill Dunaway set on the provincial crown. Those in the picture are, left to right: Wilf Johnston, manager, Johnny Munro, Bill Dunaway, Ed Smith, Gordon Hunter, Wels Isbister, Gordon Hunter, Johnny Kennedy, "Pop" Sage, Ted Ladysmith, Bob Murray, George Harknett, Bill Dunaway, Harry Harris and George Harknett, sponsor, Archie McBride, member of the club, and others.

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Photo by Staff Photographer
TOMMY BRIDGES, of the Victoria Island senior "B" champions, pictured above, will leave tonight for Vancouver, where tomorrow they are scheduled to oppose Ivanhoe Hotel-Mainland titleholders, in the British Columbia finals. The game will be

GORDON LAWRENCE RETAINS B.C. AQUATIC TITLE

Victoria Swim Ace— Winner of Honors At Mainland Event

Defeats Corporal Bone and Another Local Contender, Bob Johnstone, to Repeat Victory of Last Year—Also Heads Swimmers in 100-Metre Race—Alice Thompson Winner

VANCOUVER, Aug. 31 (CP)—Gordon Lawrence, Victoria, and Alice Thompson, Kelowna, repeated their triumphs of last year when they won the one-mile British Columbia Wrigley championship in their respective divisions at an international swim meet here today.

Lawrence finished the mile in 24.22, with Corporal Bone, of the Royal Canadian Air Force, second, and Bob Johnstone, Victoria, third.

In addition, Lawrence also won the 400-metre free style event for senior men in 1:10.1, with Johnstone, Victoria, second, and the 100-metre backstroke for senior men in 1:37.5, with Stan Peden, Victoria, second, and Bob Montgomery, also of Victoria, third.

Miss Thompson won her mile championship in 27.51. Mary O'Hara, Seattle, was second, and Elsie Homersham, of V.A.S.C., third.

Miss Thompson also captured the 100-metre free-style event for senior women. Her time was 1:17.2. Patricia Thompson, Crescent, was second, and Elsie Homersham third.

Results follow:

50 metres, free style, juvenile girls: 1. Eleanor Frazer, V.A.S.C.; 2. Irene Strong, Crescent; 3. Joan Morgan, Victoria. Time, 37 seconds.

150 metres, medley relay, junior girls: 1. V.A.S.C. (first team); 2. V.A.S.C. (second team); 3. Victoria Y.W.C.A. Time, 1:05.7-0.

50 metres, free style, juvenile boys: 1. Don Smith, Victoria, YMCA; 2. Ted Tally, Victoria; 3. Billy Walker, Crescent. Time, 39.6-10 seconds.

100 metres, free style, senior women: 1. Alice Thompson, Kelowna; 2. Patricia Thompson, Crescent; 3. Elsie Homersham, V.A.S.C. Time, 1:17.2-10.

One mile, British Columbia Wrigley championship, men: 1. Gordon Lawrence, Victoria, 2. Corporal Bone, R.C.A.F.; 3. Bob Johnstone, Victoria. Time, 24.22.

50 metres, free style, junior girls: 1. Kae Mancer, V.A.S.C.; 2. Betty Bagaley, V.A.S.C.; 3. Betty Plantec, V.A.S.C. Time, 34.8-10 seconds.

50 metres, free style, junior boys: 1. Hugh Weston, Victoria, 2. Stan Brown, Crescent; 3. Fred Oxenbury, Crescent. Time, 29.5-10 seconds.

On Display in a Few Weeks at BEGG MOTOR CO.
The New 1941 Dodge and Plymouth Cars

MEN!

A special Oxford for those who have short, wide feet. \$5.00 EEE width

Woolheart Co.
The Name of Quality Footwear
and Service
1908 Douglas Street Phone G 4111

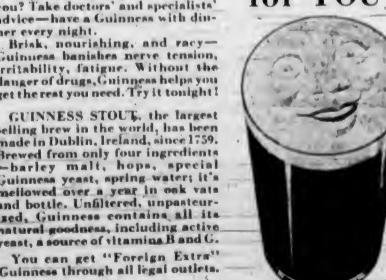
This Doctor prescribes Guinness daily*

"I prescribe Guinness daily in my practice for many conditions, especially in those cases of influenza, nervous disturbances, and prolonged febrile state, no matter what the cause."

M.D.

*One of the many actual letters received from physicians and now in our files.

Guinness is good
for YOU



A. Guinness, Son & Co. Ltd., Dublin and London.

Stevedores' Hurlers Ready for Series



WHIRLAWAY TOPS FIELD

Warren Wright's Horse Wins \$40,000 Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y., Aug. 31 (AP)—Rain ruined Saratoga's closing day programme today but Warren Wright's Whirlaway won the \$40,000 Hopeful Stakes and stole a march on the other contenders for the 1940 juvenile championship anyway.

Hitting the stretch far back in the four-horse race that was the hopeful, Whirlaway moved up fast and scored by a length over Mr. Parker Corning's Attention to win first money at \$37.850. The Circle M Ranch's Hy-Cop was third, six lengths farther back.

The rain, which caused the postponement from the Hopeful of Alfred Vanderbilt's New World and of W. L. Brann's Chaledon from the mile-and-three-quarters Saratoga Cup, continued throughout the day and generally upset the day's form.

With Chaledon out, the cup was a walkover for William Woodward's entry of Fenelon, winner of the Travers here two weeks ago, and Isolater, which finished second to Chaledon in the Whitney earlier this week.

Stopping through the mud, Isolater finally won the event by half a length from his stablemate.

HASTINGS PARK RACING

HASTINGS PARK, Aug. 31.—Results here today follow:

FIRST RACE—Seven furlongs: Brundrett (Horses) ... \$4.80 14.30 13.30 Billy Easter (Hamilton) ... 7.95 5.20 Justin (Hamilton) ... 1.00 1.00 Also ran: Honey, Parson, More Health, George Mohr, Golden Bomber, Hale, Gladys.

SECOND RACE—Five furlongs:

Hanby (Horses) ... \$4.80 13.40 13.10 Eddie (Hamilton) ... 1.00 1.00 Pay Park (Hulsebach) ... 7.80 Also ran: Roots, V. Woodside Lad, Miss May, Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby.

THIRD RACE—Seven furlongs:

Ortino (Horses) ... \$4.50 12.55 12.50 Bonnydale (Hulsebach) ... 1.00 1.00 Also ran: Blind Pannie, Carlo Queen, La Nini, Zebra, Zebra, Zebra, Zebra.

FOURTH RACE—Seven furlongs:

Belle Park (Bassett) ... \$2.80 11.80 \$1.40 Plutus (Creswick) ... 4.10 2.80 Also ran: Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby.

Also ran: Altior Park, Hazel King, Victoria, Vanishing.

FIFTH RACE—Mile and one-eighth:

Mail of Broads (Biles) ... \$2.80 14.30 14.30 Lee Somers (Creswick) ... 4.40 3.40 Also ran: Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby.

Also ran: Tellus, Stevenson Bill, Camp Spur, Arcto, Jane, Avondale, King, King.

SIXTH RACE—Mile and one-eighth:

Brundrett (Horses) ... \$4.80 12.80 17.10 Maxed (Horses) ... 1.00 1.00 Also ran: Boucher.

OVERNIGHT ENTRIES

FIRST RACE—Claiming three-year-olds and up, one mile and one-sixth:

Royal Reah ... 1.00 1.00 1.00 SEVENTH RACE—Mile and one-sixth:

Length Horses (Haller) ... \$4.80 14.30 13.30 Flynt (Gold) ... 1.00 1.00 Hi-Rhythm (Shea) ... 1.00 1.00 Also ran: Gata, Sunday Child, Stoer, Love Bird.

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TONIGHT!
Sunday Midnight Starts 12:05
A Big Musical MIDNIGHT SHOW

BEAUTY! GIRLS! SONGS!
A REAL FUN FROLIC!

THE BOYS from SYRACUSE

With
ALLAN JONES • ROSEMARY LANE • IRENE HERVEY • JOE PENNER • MARTHA RAYE • ERIC BLORE
ALSO—
NOVELTY SHORTS and FEATURETTES

GENERAL ADMISSION
40¢

CAPITOL

NOW SHOWING!
FOR ONE ENTIRE WEEK!

ANDY'S IN HIS GLORY!

GIRLS, GIRLS EVERYWHERE

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY PICTURE FOR EVERYBODY!

ANDY HARDY Meets DEBUTANTE
Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland

AT
12:47
2:57
5:07
7:17
9:27

LEWIS STONE
Cecilia PARKER
FAY HOLDEN
ANN RUTHERFORD
DIANA LEWIS

Capitol

EXTRA! CANADA CARRIES ON!
"SQUADRON 992"
Thrilling Story of England's Air Defences
THE BALLOON BARRAGE
CARTOON COMEDY IN COLOR
WORLD NEWS
BUY THRIFTICKETS

STARTING MONDAY FOR 2 DAYS
LAUGHING GAS FOR THE WHOLE CITY
BACK WITH A BRAND NEW BUNDLE OF MISCHIEF!
A JOY SHOW CHARGED WITH BUBBLING SURPRISES

Brother Rat and a Baby
PRISCILLA LANE WAYNE MORRIS JANE BRYAN AND WARREN WILLIAM
ATLAS NEWS
MONDAY ONLY 20¢ 1pm... 30¢ BUY THRIFTICKETS TODAY

ATLAS

TUESDAY! ADVENTURE!

SINCLAIR LEWIS' BLAZING DRAMA OF THE ARCTIC!

★ ALL IN TECHNICOLOR
RAY MILLAND • PATRICIA MORISON • AKIM TAMIROFF IN

"UNTAMED"

AND TWO KIDDIES AND A DOG!
"THE BISCUIT EATER" WITH BILLY LEE • CORDELL HICKMAN
• Taken From the Famous Saturday Evening Post Story

DOMINION

MONDAY ONLY! AL 12:16, 2:16, 7:04, 9:07
• DYNAMITE BREAKS LOOSE! WHAT A SHOW! ALL THESE SENSATIONAL STARS TOGETHER!

GEORGE RAFT • ANN SHERIDAN
Ida Lupino • Humphrey Bogart

'THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT' WITH GALE PAGE • ALAN HALE

DOMINION

SAVE WITH "THRIFTICKETS!"

Random Missing On English Maps

BERN, Switzerland—Aug. 31 (AP)—Baffled Swiss thumb through their maps and gazeers yesterday to find the English town of on England.

Plays and Players

Hardy Picture Full of Natural, Homey Comedy

As fresh in its viewpoint and as new in its appeal as though it were the first picture ever filmed of that popular family, the Hardys, Metro-Goldwyn Mayer's "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante" is bringing laughs and a goodly share of tense drama to audiences at the Capitol Theatre. Comedy, of course, is an important goal of all the Hardy pictures, but it is a brand of comedy which is as natural and homey as the typical family which the pictures portray, and it is always pointed up by contrast with the disappointments, embarrassments and near-tragedies to which any average

family is the prey. "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante" does not fall short of this ideal and there is never a moment when the onlooker loses his sympathy with Andy Hardy and his family no matter how comic their misfortunes may seem.

The story begins in Carvel with Mickey Rooney, as the ebullient Andy, falling in love with magazine pictures of a glamorous New York debutante. His secret is surprised by his high-school sweetheart, Ann Rutherford, and one of his school chums, and he becomes the victim of some vigorous heckling for being so silly as to lose his heart to a girl he doesn't know.

CAPITOL STAGES MIDNIGHT SHOW

Song and Dance Features Screen Comedy, "The Boys From Syracuse," Showing Tonight

Bringing to the screen some of Hollywood's finest musical comedy talent, "The Boys From Syracuse," Producer Julian Levy's film version of the stage hit, will be shown at the Capitol's big holiday midnight show, starting at 12:05 a.m.

Levy's first Mayfair Production for Universal release, the new picture has a cast of nine principals, scores of dancing beauties and thousands of extras.

Music by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart is sung by Allan Jones, noted tenor star; Rosemary Lane of the famous Lane sisters; Martha Raye, the singing comedienne, and Joe Penner, who takes part in two novelty tunes.

ROMANTIC STORY COMES TO ATLAS

Comedy and Love in "Brother Rat and a Baby," Due to Open in City Tomorrow

Romance gets away to a running start in Warner Bros.' "Brother Rat and a Baby," opening tomorrow at the Atlas Theatre, because the boys have already won the girls and are all past the usual acquaintance stage. One of them, in fact, has already married the girl.

The introduction was performed in "Brother Rat," while Eddie Albert, Wayne Morris and Ronald Reagan were elected at a Southern Military college. Albert, married Jane Bryan Morris and Reagan didn't get quite so far with Priscilla Lane and Jane Wyman, respectively, but made nice progress.

The film stars Eddie Albert, Wayne Morris and Ronald Reagan.

It is the film version of the best-selling novel, "Rebecca," opening tomorrow at the Oak Bay Theatre.

With Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine heading a cast of outstanding players and with a story filled with drama, suspense and mystery, David O. Selznick's latest production, "Rebecca," opens tomorrow at the Oak Bay Theatre.

The film is brilliantly directed by Alfred Hitchcock, known internationally as a master of intrigue, crime and mystery, on the screen.

"Rebecca" is the film version of the best-selling novel of the same name by Daphne du Maurier. It was prepared for the screen by Robert E. Sherwood and John Harrison and retains all the gripping drama of the original book.

ACTION FEATURED IN WESTERN YARN

"Hopalong" Cassidy Returns to Screen in Stirring Range Romance With William Boyd

It is a case of mister-and-miss-in-

"The Showdown," latest of the popular "Hopalong" Cassidy action-romances, which opens tomorrow at the Ritz Theatre. Mister is Russell Hayden and Mrs. is Jane Clayton, who in real life is Mrs. Hayden, and they are both the love interest in the story. The cast of "The Showdown" is headed by William Boyd as "Hopalong" Cassidy, and it includes Britt Wood, Morris Ankrum, "The Kings Men" and over fifty riders. "The Showdown" was inspired by characters created by Clarence E. Mulford, outstanding writer of Western fiction.

FROZEN NORTH DRAMA AT DOMINION TUESDAY

"Frozen" which, according to Ger-

man and Italian broadcasts, was heavily bombed on Friday. It de-

veloped that the Axis broadcasters had misinterpreted a British an-

nouncement to the effect that "the

Germans dropped bombs at random"

to mean that the English town of

England.

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A Mart for Busy Readers—Property for Sale or Trade

TO OUT-OF-TOWN SUBSCRIBERS

Out-of-town subscribers who wish to give advertisements in which only the telephone number of the advertiser is given, may mail their replies to *The Colonist*, and The Colonist will communicate such replies to the advertiser.

51 HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS TO RENT

(Continued)

A COZY ROOM FOR LADY, SPOTLESS clean, no children, no radio.

A T 1418 COOK — LARGE, BRIGHT

B BRITISH HOTEL 500 N. JOHNSON L.H.

C B TRANQUIL, NEWEST, up 13. E 4660

D COMFORTABLE ROOM WITH BREAKFAST, fast food... 1029 Colwood Street

E FURNISHED ATTRACTIVE LIGHT

F HOUSEKEEPING apartment, two

G adults, private laundry, 1120 Government Street, Victoria.

H FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS

I FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS

J FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS

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COLES, HOWELL & CO., LTD.

HOMES

JAMES BAY — SOLID FIVE-ROOM Bungalow with sunroom. Near sea and park. Half cash \$1000

CENTRAL PARK DISTRICT—ATTRACTIVE FIVE-ROOM BUNGALOW. Built and floor covering, garage, basement, furnace, etc. Taxes \$1000. Term. Low taxes. Privy. \$2000

GARDEN AND SOUND FIVE-ROOM BUNGALOW, bath and pantry. Full basement, garage, sunroom, etc. Taxes \$1000. Ideal. Most productive garden with fruit bushes, trees. Price cut to \$1750. Which taxes. Price cut to \$1750.

FAIRFIELD, NEAR PARK AND CAR. A desirable family house, eight rooms, basement, furnace, and large garden, with garage, sunroom, etc. Ideal. Walk and driveway to garage. Complete. Price cut to \$1900. For quick sale.

LANFORD — A LARGE SIX-ROOM bungalow, all modern conveniences. Garage, sunroom, etc. Taxes \$1500. Ideal. Bargain offer for \$1500.

PALMERD BUNGLAWAY NEAR Richardson Street. Five well-appointed rooms, basement, furnace, garage. Taxes \$2100. Good residential district.

GORE — HIGH POSITION, NEAR transportation, almost new stucco, five large rooms, and sunroom. Wall kept in good condition. Taxes \$1500. Ideal. Will sell furniture if desired. Much more information. \$3500. Best part. \$3500.

BEEF FARM WITH RIVER FRONTAGE. 88 Acres, some cleared, balance timber. Four-room house, barn and out-buildings. See photo in our window. Taxes \$850. For small town house or all for ... \$850.

COLES, HOWELL & CO., LTD.

638 VIEW STREET G 1022

VERY HIGH
Beautiful part of City. Good opportunity to buy semi-detached or six room bungalow. Three bedrooms, den with fireplace. Very good size living and dining room, sunroom, etc. Large garden, lawn and rockery. Price \$5500

NEAR UPLANDS
An outstanding seven residences, exceptionally well built, the best materials and finish. Seven rooms. One bathroom, sunroom, etc. Large garden and sunroom. Large den could be used as a bedroom. Oak floors throughout. Oil-fired automatic furnace. Extra large lot upon which a great deal of landscaping has been done. Ideal for a most attractive garden. Good buying at \$8500

If you don't see exactly what you want in our Ads, please inquire at the office or by phone. We have a very extensive list of houses and buildings sites.

B.C. LAND
AND INVESTMENT AGENCY LTD.,
922 Government St. Phones G 1112-4

"THE CEDARS"
Esquimalt Lagoon

CLOSE TO HATLEY PARK

This beautiful property contains approximately 60 feet of waterfront and 19 acres, practically all under cultivation. It is situated on a hillside overlooking the Gulf Islands. There are many apple, cherry, plum and pear trees. The property is well supplied with fruit trees. The house is new, needing some renovating, but is substantially built. Contains four bedrooms, two baths, exceptionally large sunroom with fireplace, bathroom, pantry, kitchen and large sunroom. Large deck, veranda and phone. There is also a practically new 3-room bungalow on property. The new house is being sold for \$13,000 cash, and balance monthly or quarterly in instalments of \$1000. Includes all fixtures, equipment and fittings, plus a deposit of 10% for all cash.

We are exclusive agents for this property. Please call us or write us as you will find in Victoria. Nested among trees—it's a picture! The garden, well-kept. Price: Act quickly. \$4200

OAK BAY — FIVE ROOM modern stucco bungalow. Both are splendid buys, and up to date in every detail. Each \$4000

QUADRA
EVERY ONE WHO HAS seen a house like this comes on the market. A real family home, six rooms, light on transom, has to be seen to be appreciated. Location ideal for GUEST HOUSE or TEA ROOM. Will accept an exchange arrangement. Price \$2650. \$2650

George Randall
1303 DOUGLAS ST. PHONE 4111

100-FOOT WATERFRONTAGE
CADDYBROOK BAY — Sandy beach and swelled anchorage, about one-third acre. Located in a quiet residential area. Six-room house, large living room with oak floors, beautiful granite fireplace and wood-paneled walls. Good location ideal for GUEST HOUSE or TEA ROOM. Will accept an exchange arrangement. Price \$2650. \$2650

OAK BAY WATERFRONTAGE
Five room collage on lot 150 feet x 60 feet. Land alone worth over 11,000. Price full description in our window. Price \$2500

JUST WHAT YOU WANT
maybe you are looking for a home yet? Call us. We'll tell us what you are looking for, and the price and terms for it. We'll do our best to help you profitably by doing what you want!

E. B. HAWKINS & CO.
745 VIEW STREET PHONE E 8111
Near the ROYAL DAIRY

RECOMMENDED

OAK BAY — Stucco bungalow, five rooms, well laid out, leaded bathroom, good surroundings. Taxes \$85

COUNTRY HOMES — EASY \$4300

CLOSE TO HIGH SCHOOL \$2350

BUNGALOW — Five rooms \$1600

NORTH OF OAK BAY AVENUE — Five rooms, full basement. Nice lot. Splendid location. Taxes \$2100

TRANSIT ROAD — Semi-bungalow seven rooms. \$3500

OAK BAY — Very fine bungalow, six rooms, fully modern. Oak floors. Taxes one year. \$5250

RIDGE AVENUE — Close in. Four-room stucco bungalow. A beautiful little home now rented. \$2500

OAK BAY WATERFRONTAGE
Five room collage on lot 150 feet x 60 feet. Land alone worth over 11,000. Price full description in our window. Price \$2500

JUST WHAT YOU WANT
maybe you are looking for a home yet? Call us. We'll tell us what you are looking for, and the price and terms for it. We'll do our best to help you profitably by doing what you want!

P. R. Brown & Sons, Ltd.
1112 BROAD ST. PHONE G 7151

RECOMMENDED

OAK BAY — Stucco bungalow, five rooms, well laid out, leaded bathroom, good surroundings. Taxes \$85

A Condition, Basement, Taxes \$1950

4-Roomed Cottage, \$900

Quaint acre block stone brick. fruitshed, garage, spruce \$2500

High lot, city. Good district. \$2500

Along the Milky Way—By Northwestern Creamery



"They were both the same size originally but I gave the bigger one extra rations of Northwestern Golden Guernsey body-building milk!"

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU

By MARGARET GORMAN NICHOLS
(Copyright, 1940, by Margaret Gorme Nichols)

CHAPTER XIII
Edwina's mind was busy with thoughts of the tall fair girl in white as Alan followed her around the veranda to the front entrance. It was brighter there and as the light struck his face, she realized with shock that he had changed. He was older, of course, the lines of his face had settled into early maturity, his clothes were well cut and the mark of success was unmistakably upon him. But there was more . . .

In a swift, appraising glance she saw that his face wore a look of craftiness, of scheming, of cleverness that was not there when she had known him as a frivolous student. She thought: I could be wrong. I've been wrong so often. But it's there! He isn't the same. He isn't transparent any more so that all you see are good, fine thoughts and unselfishness and honor and honesty . . .

The night wind cooled her face and sent the lovely crimson frost billowing. Enclosed in two shells of silence, they walked along the stone path toward the rear garden. In the darkness no one recognized them and in their anonymity she knew that Alan found consolation

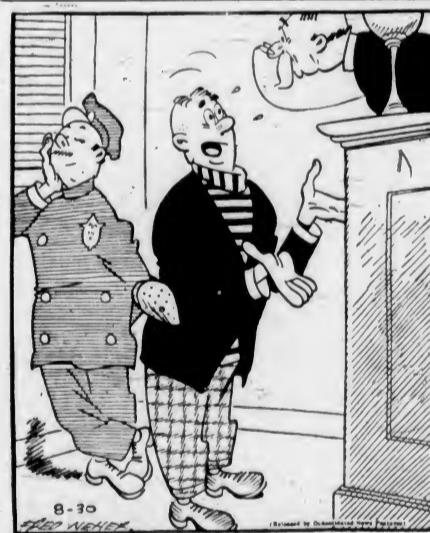
Thinking that their silence was as absurd as that of two angry children, she said, "I've been hearing highly flattering things about you, Alan. Local boy makes good and all that sort of thing. My congratulations." But she could not keep a certain hardness out of her

"You're talking rot."

"Am I? We'll see."

"You'd break me if you could."

LIFE'S LIKE THAT — By Fred Neher



"Guilty or not guilty? That's your business, ain't it?"



FLYIN' JENNY



She Hath Wings



By Russell Keaton

MUTT AND JEFF

Mutt Took Along His Water Wings

By Bud Fisher



MARY WORTH'S FAMILY

By Dale Allen



SUPERMAN

What—No Skeleton?

By Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster



POPEYE



POP



Unnecessary Digging

By J. Millar Watt



BLONDIE

Some Like 'Em Hot—Some Like 'Em Cold

By Chic Young



Dominions Rally To Empire's Aid In World Crisis

Achieve New Heights in Making Munitions of War—Men and Supplies Move in Constant Stream Across Atlantic—Canada's Contribution Is Greatly Increased During Past Months

After a year of war Hitler sprawls over Europe, behind him a string of military triumphs over weak nations. Before him, rising to greater military strength than ever before, stand Great Britain and the Empire. That is the picture—after a year of war. Britain has been fighting for twelve months—in Belgium and France and Norway and Africa—and has yet to achieve her maximum strength. She is starting mass production of airplanes, to show Germany what she is capable of doing in the air. The Royal Navy is stronger than it was in September, 1939.

Behind her, contributing a never-ending stream of men and materials, are Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the other nations of the Empire. Like Britain, they also are just starting to mass-produce the instruments of war that will stop Hitler.

After a year of war Hitler finds his greatest enemy—Britain—far more formidable than the Britain of 1939 or, indeed, the Britain of the First Great War. He has little time to review his successes against the weak nations because British bombing planes, steadily becoming more numerous, are dropping bombs on Germany every night.

INVASION OF POLAND

A year of war started Sept. 1, 1939, when Germany invaded Poland, divided itself into four main phases. They were:

1. The eastern campaign in which Germany and Russia defeated and divided Poland, and Russia attacked little Finland.

2. The winter of defensive behind the Maginot Line and the Westwall, naval blockade and conflict at sea.

3. Land war in the West, the German overrunning of five nations from Norway to France.

4. The Battle of Britain, and the attendant Anglo-Italian war in Africa.

Poland was fighting stubbornly when the Russians invaded her Sept. 17 from the east. Then the fight was over. Russia soon turned upon little Finland, and, finally, after a hard struggle, penetrated the Karelian Isthmus defences and obtained the city of Viborg (Viborg) and other concessions.

The Polish campaign gave the first real hint that this war was not to be fought as other wars. The German threw mechanized troops out far ahead of the main troops to disrupt communications, always in close co-operation with the air force. Subsequently in other campaigns the weapons of espionage, of fifth column, ideological propaganda and of parachute troops further emphasized the difference between the Second Great War and its predecessor of 1914-18.

THIS MONEY-SAVING MODERN PACKAGE



by Mary Blake

I'm all in favour of the convenience, protection, and usefulness of modern food packages. But I certainly like better still a modern package which also saves me money—like the red-and-white-labelled Carnation Milk can.

Just imagine this—every quality that milk, in its ordinary form, has, extra qualities of convenience and usefulness—and a saving in money!

Carnation is whole milk evaporated to double richness—only water taken out. But look what you get—keeps indefinitely on the pantry shelf; takes the place of cream for coffee, cereals and for whipping; makes all milk dishes



RADIO—Listen to the "Contented Hour" every Monday night. See your newspaper for stations and time.

IRRADIATED Carnation Milk
A CANADIAN PRODUCT

"blood and tears, toll and sweat" formed a truly National Government, with Ministers ranging from L. S. Amery, the Tory standing on the extreme right, across the breadth of British political life to Ernest Bevin, trades union executive, on the left.

Mr. Churchill's accession to office to oppose Hitler whose policies he had fought for years came on the very day that Germany smashed into the Netherlands and Belgium. In their determination to remain neutral King Leopold of Belgium and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands had refused to discuss defense measures with the Allies.

This refusal was fatal. The British and French troops moved into the Low Countries from behind the "Little" Maginot Line on the French-Belgian border, but no proper co-operation could be set up to weld the Allied troops into a unified fighting force.

At the psychological moment the Germans smashed with their mechanized forces at the hinge, near historic Sedan, where the advancing French troops pivoted from the permanent Maginot Line.

The Germans broke through, crossed the Meuse River and split off the British expeditionary force from the main French army. The Netherlands had already surrendered, and on May 28 King Leopold ordered the Belgian army to lay down its arms.

The defeat of France followed quickly. While Britain made an amazing rescue of more than 300,000 British and French troops from Dunkirk, Italy entered the war on Germany's side and struck France in the back. The French sued for peace.

The war's fourth stage opened with Britain's declaration that Britain must "capitulate" or he would destroy the Empire. Britain fought

for four days later, on Dec. 17.

The first contingent of the Canadian Active Service Force landed in the United Kingdom Dec. 17 and others followed during the winter until a strength of two divisions in the United Kingdom was attained. Later on Australians and New Zealanders joined in the defense of Britain.

The third stage—war of movement—opened with dramatic suddenness April 9 when Germany invaded and then overran Denmark and Southern Norway. Denmark accepted the rule of force from the start, but the Norwegians fought bravely and welcomed British and French troops in an effort to drive out the invaders.

But although the Allies landed in some strength at Narvik and Andalsnes in mid-Norway, and around Narvik in the far north, the Germans were too securely based to be ousted. Their air force commanded the Skagerrak, across which they ferried troops in great numbers. The Allied troops had to be withdrawn from Central Norway on May 1. Subsequent events in the Low Countries and France compelled withdrawal of the Allied forces from Narvik for other duties.

CHAMBERLAIN RESIGNATION

The Norwegian campaign brought about the resignation of Prime Minister Chamberlain and the choice of Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, to succeed him. Mr. Churchill declaring to the country that he had nothing to offer but

WIDE CHOICE

Holiday-makers on Vancouver Island can take their choice of a pleasant urban centre, a gay seaside resort or a clear lake, high above sea level and rimmed by towering mountains—all this within a few hours' drive of Victoria.

The attractions of this city are so famous as to hardly need introduction, noted as it is for beauty, an equable climate and a delightful old world atmosphere. Not the least of the Capital's charms lies in its proximity to the natural beauty spots of the Island, forming as it does the terminus of hundreds of miles of highway which stretch westward and to the east and west coasts of Vancouver Island.

The districts reached from Victoria may be roughly classed as three areas, namely, those of the Saanich Peninsula, Sooke and the Up-Island district, the last-named including Shawnigan Lake, Mill Bay, Cowichan Bay, Duncan, Lake Cowichan, Chemainus, Ladysmith, Nanaimo, Parksville, Qualicum, the Alberni, Sproat Lake, Qualicum Beach, Royston, Courtenay, Comox and Campbell River.

SAANICH DISTRICT

Saanich and Sidney districts include a charming area within a short distance of Victoria. Well settled, it is a farming district beside the sea interspersed with woods and little villages. Here lies Brentwood, famed for fishing. Mr. Butchart's gardens, known all over the world; Sidney, where the Mainland ferries call on Summer schedule; Swartz Bay, where a modern motor ferry leads to Salt Spring Island; Deep Cove, where attractive Summer cottages line the beach; Patricia Bay, the site of the Royal Canadian Air Force flying fields; Cordova, Bay, popular resort and close to the city, and Elk Lake the ideal spot for an afternoon's drive.

Sooke and East Sooke, also close

to Victoria, differ from Saanich in the charm of the rugged scenery.

Well-kept roads wind through a barrier of hills to reach the warm waters of Sooke Harbor. The settlement of Sooke lies on the West Coast Road which leads past Jordan River and will eventually link Victoria and Port Renfrew. Sooke shares with East Sooke the advantages of Sooke Harbor, offering safe boating, bathing and fishing.

MALAHAT DRIVE

Past the famous Colwood golf links the Island Highway sweeps away to the Malahat Drive, gateway to Up-Island points. An extensive programme of improvement has changed the highway almost beyond recognition in the past few years, eliminating steep grades and sharp curves. The view from the summit is one which no visitor to the Island should miss, embracing as it does a panorama of mountains, distant hills and blue sea.

Reached by an easy detour, Shawnigan Lake is a resort which yearly grows more and more popular. Four hundred feet above sea level, it offers a complete change of air, the grazing atmosphere of a mountain resort, with ease of access and ideal scenery. Mill Bay, right on the highway, boasts a lovely beach, warm and sheltered. From here the highway leads to Cobble Hill, Cowichan Bay, famed for its fishing grounds, and through the picturesque Indian village on to Duncan. Here roads lead off the highway to Maple Bay on the right and to Lake Cowichan, a noted fishing resort with excellent accommodation offered, off to the left.

Through Westholme, a farming centre, Chemainus, site of one of the largest sawmills in the world, Saltair, with the sea close beside the road, the traveler passes Ladysmith to reach Nanaimo. The second largest city on Vancouver Island, Nanaimo is the distributing centre for the districts Up-Island, and here modern ferries discharge thousands of passengers from the Mainland, with cars and without. The centre of a hundred pretty drives, Nanaimo is a popular stopping place for tourists.

AT PARKSVILLE

At Parksville, in itself a noted resort beside the sea and famous beach, is the junction of the roads to Campbell River and to the Alberni, the latter district holding such well-known beauty-spots as Sproat Lake and Great Central Lake. Qualicum a few miles along the highway from Parksville, is rapidly becoming one of the best known resorts on the Pacific Coast.

The golf links are known throughout the country, as is the sweep of the white, sandy beach. Qualicum Bay, a few miles farther on, holds another famous beach, with grassy flats adjacent.

Still Time for Vacation

VANCOUVER ISLAND IDEAL PLAYGROUND FOR HOLIDAY-MAKER

Area Fortunate in Extra Long Holiday Season—Myriad Resorts and Beauty Spots Offer Excellent Accommodation to Visitors—Lovely Beaches the Length of the Island

In practically every part of the continent the end of August marks the end of the holiday season. With the beginning of September the weather becomes unsettled, the nights early mornings uncomfortably cool. But not so Vancouver Island and the adjacent Gulf Islands. One may safely say that this favored part of the world can boast a holiday season that extends right through the coming month.

Those who have not experienced a full holiday here have a treat in store. The air has lost the drowsy spell of Midsummer; it's true, yet bathing is warm, the scenery is only just beginning to change and frosts are unheard of. For the sportsman there is the opening of the real fishing season, when the big ones take the lure in earnest. The hunting season draws hundreds to the woods and fields, what time the tennis courts, beaches and golf links hold their summer attractions.

Probably nowhere in the world can one find such a long vacation period as on Vancouver Island, starting as it does in May and ending only with October. Many people deliberately choose September for their holidays, as the families with children are forced to return to the city for school opening, consequently the resorts are less crowded and accommodation easy to secure.

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SOKE AND EAST SOKE

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DOMINION HOTEL

Comfortable Rooms • • • Hospitable Service • • • Excellent Cuisine Central Location—Moderate Rates—Free Bus W.M. CLARK, Manager

COLWOOD

BELMONT INN ISLAND HIGHWAY MILE 7
FAMED FOR DELICIOUS CHICKEN AND STEAK DINNERS
BACON, EGGS, SALADS AND TEAS
ALL PRODUCE FROM OUR OWN FARM

PHONE BILL 98

HATLEY PARK

Will Be Closed to the Public On and After Sept. 2.

MILL BAY

KILMALU GUEST HOUSE MILL BAY
Good Beach . . . For a Quiet, Restful Holiday.
Apply Kilmalu, R.M.D. 1, Cobble Hill.

COWICHAN BAY

WILCUMA COWICHAN BAY, V.I., B.C.

Offers a delightful summer resort in the atmosphere of an English Country Home. Tennis, boating, swimming and the famous salmon fishing. Three motor boats for charter. Delicious meals with fresh farm produce, fruit, vegetables, etc. Price per week \$25.00. For reservations write Mrs. E. M. Elizabeth, R.R. 1, Cobble Hill, or phone BILL 9-848.

THE WILLOWS CAMPBELL RIVER

If it's Tyee Salmon, then you'll stay at

CAMPBELL RIVER

This is the Headquarters for the Celebrated Tyee Club of British Columbia.

Every comfort. Delicious cooking. Reasonable rates.

For information and reservations—GERTRUDIE M. ISAAC, Manager.

A Catch Worth Taking

TYEE CATCH

• TYEE CATCH



OUR genuine yachtsman dearly loves a bit of racing excitement, whether his boat love is a "skimming dish," which will sail in a zephyr, or a deep-sided cruiser modeled on arks' lines and requiring half a gale to push her about. He will go a long way to cater to this weakness during the Summer months, and whenever there is an opportunity of meeting another sailing enthusiast in competition he will seize it if at all possible.

Once upon a time, before yachtsmen became organized in these regions, the amateur sailor of fortune had to seek for his racing where he could find it; but with the growth of the association which now governs the sport, each club had to be host in turn to other clubs belonging to it at an annual regatta in home waters.

Outgrowing this one-day-a-year meet as time passed and craving more racing of an international character, Northwest yachtsmen some years ago decided they should have one racing day every year on common ground as centrally located as possible to all clubs. This choice was Cowichan Bay and Labor Day week-end the time most favored. The Royal Vancouver Yacht Club was given the honor, or labor if you like, of running this regatta, a chore in which the Mainland organization has been ably assisted by officials of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. Invariably successful, these regattas have attracted as many as one hundred pleasure craft of all kinds, and have been the means of maintaining a high plane of sportsmanship among yachtsmen north and south of the border.

Ancient Pastime

SAILING for pleasure is, as everybody knows, an old and honorable pastime. Salt, or fresh water for that matter, has a way of attracting certain among the members of every community situated

alongside it. Restricted to shore-side activities, there are still some who find the call of the sea, or lake water, strong enough to compel at least a part-time association with attractions only sailing spaces can offer. Those who have the means and find time enough, especially if they are dwellers situated by Puget Sound, Strait of Georgia or Gulf Island waters, to do a bit of yachting are amply rewarded, for nowhere in the world are there such ideal conditions made to order for the small boat sailor and motorboat navigator.

Hereabouts during a twelve-month the yachtsman can experience all the "bag of tricks" which the maker of the weather holds. Little craft find gentle airs and smooth water to their liking all the year around in certain areas, while stouter boats can get any brand of breeze to test their seaworthiness on wider stretches and can enjoy the open ocean swells after a few hours of exhilarating sailing down the Strait of Juan de Fuca. If their owners care to head them in that direction,

Because of its age, Victoria naturally was the pioneer home of Northwest boating organizations. Occurring years before my time, old-timers have told me of racing events when fishing and pleasure craft of a kind, as well as sailing canoes, raced against each other in Victoria harbor or in the area off its mouth. Even as much as seventy years ago, as I learned by listening, these regattas had an international flavor when the odd boat from

- 1—Anne
- 2—Shangri-La, Cowichan
- 3—Shangri-La, Cowichan
- 4—Cowichan Regatta
- 5—Cowichan Regatta
- 6—Aquila
- 7—Alexandra and Oslo
- 8—Racing Stars.

club and start the pastime of yachting on the seapath to which it rightfully belonged. Backing it were the right type of enthusiasts, men who put the Victoria Yacht Club on lasting foundations. Those yachting pioneers were followed by club administrators who watched its growth and enabled it to expand with the growing importance of Victoria as the capital city of British Columbia. Shifting headquarters as waterfront demands increased location values, the yacht club heads made several good investments before the opportunity arrived to acquire a site adjacent to ideal yachting water—Cadboro Bay, beside which the club has stood for thirty years past, fostering weekly regattas for its members and generally maintaining the principal interests of the boat sailor.

In pre-Cadboro Bay yachting days, the racing course of the Victoria Yacht Club was always in the Strait of Fuca off the harbor mouth. The course was triangular and as regatta days were generally provided with a wind and a lot of sea it was the beloved sailing route of the heavy weather sailors from all quarters of Washington and British Columbia waters. Some days the wind and sea almost made them cry enough, too, so when the club moved to Cadboro Bay and other club majorities had some say in where the racing should be contested favorable to light-weather boats, the old international course off

(Continued on Page 3)

Fostered Racing

I BELIEVE I am safe in stating that Victoria was also the first city of the Pacific Northwest to organize a yacht

Survival

By Will A. Jenkins

THE island was a strip of coral sand about fifteen-hundred yards in one direction, and a little more than half as wide. There was heavy, thunderous surf to windward. Tall breakers, reared upward on the reef upwind, seemed not to subside at all between the reef and the shore line; but came foaming on to fling themselves upon the white coral sand with impacts that filled the air with thunder. The breakers were taller than any part of the island itself. There was no spot on it from which their jagged, foaming heads would be hidden.

There were sea birds above the island, and there was a tiny speck of a pelagic lagoon which was lazily embraced by dunes of powdered coral. Otherwise there was nothing but blue sky and a moist hot trade wind that blew without ceasing.

There was one inhabitant upon the island. He came around a dune of the soft, powdery sand, trotting comfortably. This was on the lee side, and the steady pressure of the trade wind was not unvarying here. The dunes broke it into eddies which made irregular puffs. The brown fur of the island's inhabitant rippled in the wind gusts. He trotted down the beach line with the contented confidence of one who is lord of all he surveys.

He was a good-sized dog, with a thick coat and the well-set head that somehow is not found in mongrels. He was a white man's dog, and his presence alone on the island was inexplicable until you looked at his collar. That was shrivelled and blackened, and its brass buckle and studs were coated with greenish verdigris. One could guess that he had been washed overboard, possibly from some inter-island steamer in a blow, and that by the one chance in a million which sometimes works out, he had not only been cast ashore here before he drowned, but had neither been cut to pieces by the outer reef nor pounded to death on the beach when he landed.

In any case, he had made himself at home now. He had exactly the leisurely, professional air with which every dog, everywhere, sets out on his morning ramble about the series of visiting posts he establishes in the territory about his home. At one place he paused momentarily by a spindly sprig of ice weed. At another he sniffed hopefully at a big piece of driftwood projecting from the sand. Then he bent his head to the wind as he followed the shore line upwind.

There was nothing of interest until he reached the windward side of the island. Here the breakers came in eight feet high, foaming at their tips. They flung themselves at the gently sloping beach, and they belied at the impact. The sound went rolling down the beach and back again.

The dog seemed perfectly contented and perfectly adapted to the life of a castaway. He regarded his surroundings with an alert satisfaction. Sea birds flapped and squawked over this rolling sea. A dozen of them were making swift darts downward at the waves just inside the reef. The dog looked interestedly at the scene of aerial excitement. Suddenly his nose went up, sampling the air. He moved back and forth on the beach, sniffing. Then he watched eagerly.

Nothing happened. Sea birds fluttered round and round. Then he saw something dark for just the fraction of an instant, mingled with the white foam on a wave tip. He seemed to quiver. Presently he sat down on his haunches, his nose pointed seaward. Again he glimpsed a dark object. His tail wagged briefly. His ears pricked up—and the wind blew into them. He shook himself and sat down again, watching.

The dark object once more. It was close to shore. The dog stood up. He barked at it. He made little dancing steps. He barked and barked, excitedly, running up and down the beach.

Then it was plain on the tip of a breaker. It vanished, appeared in the very forefront of the curling combers, and shot shoreward in a smother of spume and spray that almost completely covered it. It was a raft, broken and shattered by the tumult of the reef. A man struggled feebly amid its fragments.

TWICE the waves flung the man on the sand, and twice drew him back to roll him cruelly in smothering spume. A third time, and he dug himself in with hands and feet until the water drew back.

His arms and legs collapsed and he lay flat in the hot sunlight. He looked like a scarecrow and a skeleton. His lips were raw and cracked. His belly was constricted; he had drawn his belt incredibly tight to ease the cramps that come of hunger. His eyes were mad.

The dog barked at him, his tail wagging between barkings. He quivered with delight.

Presently the man stirred. The dog stood five feet away, his tail vibrating. The man's reddened eyes saw him. The dog grinned, his tongue lolling. The man stared, blinking. Then he seemed to become enormously excited, though his weakness was extreme. He croaked at the dog. He croaked again. He made desperate gestures to accompany his croaking, as if to say, "Go! Go home!" And he watched with fevered eyes to note the direction the dog might take. The presence of a dog argued the presence of a man. This man croaked thickly, hoarsely, for the dog to go home to his master.

The dog came closer, squirming bashfully. He backed away and picked up a bit of driftwood. He put it down within the man's reach and stood looking at it, quivering, waiting for the man to throw it away so that he could bring it back again.

The man made a whimpering noise. Then he struck at the dog. The dog wagged his tail. The man picked up the scrap of driftwood and the dog danced in

anticipation. The man threw it fiercely—and it hit the dog. A pointed end hurt. The dog yelped once. The man fumbled. A shell. He threw that too. It struck and hurt cruelly. Another shell.

The dog suddenly turned tail and fled, his tail between his legs. He ran for fifty feet. A hundred. The man crawled feebly in his wake. Then the dog slackened speed and looked over his shoulder. He stopped.

The man swore thickly, weakly. It was plain that the dog had run off at random. He rested. The dog still looked at him bewilderedly. A long time later the man crawled away from the beach. The dunes—soft, powdery sand—began. Here all movement was horribly laborious. It took



the man an hour to cover a hundred and fifty feet. The dog watched perplexedly, yet hopefully. He followed at a respectful distance until the man reached the top of the nearest dune, from which all the island lay within view. He could see fifteen hundred yards of coral sand one way, half as much in another; a tiny speck of a lagoon lazily embraced by the sand dunes, surf behind him and empty deep-blue sea ahead. There were a few tiny bits of disengaged green which were green tangle and ice weed.

The man saw the green things. He stared at them. Then he crawled desperately toward them. The dog followed, still hopeful of establishing friendly relations. The man moved slowly. He reached the bushes a long time later. Then he stuffed his mouth with the leaves, chewing them fiercely for the moisture they contained. They were bitter, but he extracted some few drops of ill-tasting fluid from them.

THE dog moved to observe more closely. A nesting sea bird fluttered up, squawking, almost under his feet. The dog instantly hunted for the nest. He found it and ate the eggs, luxuriously. He was in plain sight of the man and not fifty feet away. The man saw that he was eating and uttered a terrible cry of envy. Under the stress of his emotion he actually tottered to his feet.

The dog drew back warily, though he tentatively wagged his tail. The man fell upon the now-empty nest. He found nothing, and sobbed. When he saw a second bird flap upward agitatedly, frightened by the dog in his retreat! The man, his throat working, crawled toward the spot. And he found two eggs. Half an hour later he found two more. They were in some sense food and drink combined.

The man was not yet convinced that there was no other human here. He waved his arms fiercely at the dog, trying to shout a stern command that would send him scuttling homeward. The man threw another shell.

It hurt the dog savagely. It drew blood. He yelped and reared skyward and streaked away. The man hobbled desperately in the direction in which he had vanished. He followed the dog's tracks in the wind-blown sand.

Presently he saw the dog licking his wound. But when the man drew near, the dog looked at him in utter bewilderment and vanished at a smooth, easy lop around a sand dune.

The man made sobbing noises and went lurching to search for water to drink or sea fowl nests to rob for food. He found two nests before sundown. Their contents did not stay his hunger, but they gave him strength. And then, at sundown, he went with wobbling legs into the gently surging water on the lee-side beach. He soaked himself in the water which he could not drink. It refreshed him, and it cooled him, and perhaps it did contribute some moisture to his dried-out tissues. But it was torment to feel the cool wetness on his body and have his throat and lungs like furnaces he could not quench. He came out of the water, reeling, and went inland to throw himself down.

During the night the dog was restless. He could not stay away from the man, yet he was afraid of him. In the end he came and curled up some fifty feet from the slumbering man.

With dawn he went to forage. He was full-fed before the man awoke, and he had drunk his fill. The dog was thoroughly adapted to his role of castaway. When he returned, the man was up and stumbling back and forth, searching desperately for something that he could eat and more especially for something that he could drink.

Birds' nests were often indistinguishable, to his blearied eyes, from the littered earth of abandoned nesting places. In all this second day he found only three small eggs for food. For water he was worse off. He saw the blue sea on every hand and cursed it. He saw the tiny speck of a land-locked lagoon and turned away from it, and when the dog followed the man hopefully, the man threw shells at him, shouting his rage because he knew the dog found food and water, and he could not find either.

Just before twilight the man tried to scratch a well to get fresh water. When he

and often, even on a mere sandbank, fresh water falling from rain seeps down and floating on the heavier salt water beneath, and kept from mixing by the sand grains, forms a layer of drinkable stuff that can be reached by digging. He scratched until his hands were raw and bleeding. He did not even get past the dry stuff. In the end he gave over and went despairingly to chew the few green leaves of the island for their bitter juice.

THE dog did not follow him, just then. He came out and sniffed at the hole the man had begun. He scratched tentatively, and then dug with enthusiasm, pausing occasionally to thrust down his nose and take long, deep sniffs of the damp sand he promptly reached. He pushed out the loosened sand with his legs and dug, and sniffed, and pushed and burrowed busily. He could not understand why the man had been digging there.

He was a good-sized dog and in excellent condition. Before he lost interest he had made the hole five times as big and deep as the man had left it. But when he lost interest he went up and down the beach on routine business and then trailed the man by scent to where he slept, and curled up nearby.

Next morning the man found the huge hole the dog had dug. It looked like a sign of canine contempt of the man's puny efforts. But he flung himself down eagerly, looking for water at its bottom. The dog watched him curiously from a distance. The hole, of course, was dry. It was a trap for wind-blown particles. The man cast out those dry grains and found dampness. He dug feverishly. He came to sand which glistened with wetness. He could not wait. He stuffed his mouth with it.

And it was salt.

The dog's tail went down and he went unhappily out of sight as the man raved. But he kept the man in view and doubtless tried to understand what the man did, after that. To the dog, the man's movements seemed aimless. Actually, they were merely despairing. At one place he found a tiny clump of sea-bird nests. All were empty. The young had hatched and gone away. But he found three unbroken eggs and essayed to gobble them down. They had been infertile. The stench that came from them, on opening, drove him away. The dog found his behavior inexplicable. He followed faithfully until he grew hungry, however, and his own hunger unconsciously led the man to food. The dog was a much superior castaway.

The thing happened just at sunset. The sun sank low. Darkness gathered all around the horizon, ready to flow together and engulf the island as soon as the sun had set. Then the man came stumbling over the dunes. He came for the bath, the soaking, which was bliss and torture all at once, but which did postpone a little while his death from thirst. And he saw the dog.

The dog was unconscious of observation. He trotted along the wet wavering line; the swells constantly changed and constantly renewed on this, the leeward beach. There were little specks on the sand, varying from the size of a thimble to nearly the size of a man's fist. They were hermit crabs, small creatures roaming the island in darkness, clad in the discarded shells of conchs and similar mollusks. During the day the hermit crabs stayed hidden in holes or crevices of their own discovery. At nightfall they came down to the beach for a luxurious bath, after which they headed back inland to forage. What minute edible scraps they might find was a mystery that did not concern the dog. He had come to the beach for his evening meal.

The dog came closer, squirming bashfully. He backed away and picked up a bit of driftwood. He put it down within the man's reach and stood looking at it, quivering, waiting for the man to throw it away so that he could bring it back again.

The man made a whimpering noise. Then he struck at the dog. The dog wagged his tail. The man picked up the scrap of driftwood and the dog danced in

ingly, fitfully, and presently lapsed into unconsciousness.

The dog woke at the man's first stirring next morning, and lifted his head to peer hopefully across the little space between them. It was earliest dawn, and the sea and sky and the tiny island were lighted by that unearthly tranquil glow that moves on ahead of sunrise. Lucent blue sky, and deep blue sea, and the white coral sand. There was nothing else. The wind was cool. The booming of the earth was somewhat muted. For a little while the earth was an amazingly beautiful place in which to live.

The dog, of course, was not sensitive to such impressions. He looked hopefully at the man. And the man stirred, and groaned, and presently heaved himself to a sitting position with effortful pantings. Presently his eyes fell upon the dog. The dog flattened his ears plaintively. The man did not make any threatening move or outcry. Had the dog been able to understand, he would have known that today would be the decisive one for the man. He had needed food and he had found it—a little, anyhow. But he had needed water even more terribly than food, and what little moisture had been in the hermit crabs' bodies had been practically salt. Because of the food, he was perhaps more nearly sane this morning than at any previous moment on the island. But this was the beginning of the end.

The dog, however, saw only that this man did not threaten him.

He got up and looked hopefully at the man. He wagged his tail. The man still made no threatening move. The dog came nearer. His tail wagged more violently. He made little yelping sounds, urgently implored friendship. He wriggled. He wriggled. In the end he dropped upon the sand and squirmed toward the man with elaborate beseechings for kindness.

THE man made croaking sounds with his mouth. Actually, he said drearily, "Where in heck do you get your drinkin' water? Tell me that an' I'll make out." To the dog they were only sounds, those words, but they were music. They served as caresses, for which he was as starved as the man for food and water. He danted, barked. He scuttled away and scuttled back again, running crazily as a dog does when trying to persuade a man to play with him. Then he stopped short and barked happily at the man.

The man croaked again, "This is darn fool. You tell me if y' could, but y' don't know what I want. I kick in because you're dumb. Go on away now. I ain't got strength to hurt you an' you ain't got sense to help me. Go on!"

The dog went daringly near. He licked the man's hand. The man made an impatient movement with a skeleton-like claw. "Get away! Shoo!"

The dog saw the gesture. Rapture filled him. He barked and darted away, searching gleefully. He came back in seconds with a scrap of driftwood, worm-eaten and dried up. He brought it in his mouth and dropped it close to the man's emaciated leg. He drew back and barked. The man still did not stir. The dog picked up the bit of driftwood and moved it nearer. He barked again. He nudged the man with his nose.

The man threw the bit of stuff away. The dog pounced on it and brought it back. He was showing the man a game, a marvelous game. And the man was dying of hunger and thirst. But suddenly the man looked up hopefully.

Then he picked up the stick and threw it. A long way, for a man as weak as this one. The dog went leaping and bounding to retrieve it. The man threw it again. It was growing dark with an amazing swiftness—he was groping. His hand touched something. A shell. It squirmed at contact with his fingers. He snatched the legs of the hermit crab brushed his fingers, and vanished.

WITH trembling hands he tried to pluck out the hermit crab, and failed. He knew instantly what he had, but he could not reach the retracted legs. He made whimpering sounds. The hermit crab remained obstinately withdrawn into the convolutions of the shell. The man wasted precious minutes fumbling with it. Then he popped it into his tattered pocket and went crawling over the beach, groping feverishly. The星光 helped. Presently he saw a tiny object in time to snatch it with the necessary cunning. He got a morsel of food at once.

Half a dozen times in the next half hour the dog heard beastly, gobbling noises as the man fed. Then the man was still and he paddled forward cautiously to see. The man had ranged little shells from his pocket on the sand, and watered them with desperate intentness.

As each crab decided, from the silence about that all was safe and protruded its legs again, the man snatched. The man ate all of them.

The dog followed him when he moved inland and as he settled down for the night. The man had had food. Perhaps as much as was safe for him to have in his horribly weakened condition. He had that food because of the dog, who was a seasoned castaway by now. But the man had had no water. His difficulty was, perhaps, that he knew things, while the dog did not. He knew that the island should have been devoid of life. The dog did not know that, and therefore the dog had found food. The man—merely by looking at the island—had known despairingly that there could be no drinking water upon it. The dog did not know that, and he did not understand the man's lack. He could not.

The dog waited until the man was quiet and then he, too, prepared to sleep. He yawned loudly as he made ready to curl up—and the man started awake. He called, half-crazed, into the darkness. The dog wagged his tail. Then the man cursed despairingly, fitfully, and presently lapsed into unconsciousness.

The dog was belly-deep in the lagoon when he heard the man's approach. He was lapping at the water. He had never known that there should be no water on the island, and therefore he had found it. He drank thirstily, pausing only to

look up and wag a welcome to the man. Then he lapped again.

THE man tottered on his feet. But he dropped beside the lagoon. He buried his face in the water. He had dismissed without test as undrinkable. It was brackish, but it could be drunk.

So he drank, and drank, and drank...

And next morning the dog—on terms of utter and blissful familiarity with the man now—came upon a well-known object on the beach. He barked at it until it drew in its head and tail and legs. Then the dog barked challengingly until the man came and cried out, and turned the thing on its back, and then hugged the dog. The thing was a sea turtle, of course.

They would feast.

The dog did feast. The man built a fire of driftwood and in this one thing alone proved himself more fit than the dog for the role of castaway. The dog could not have built a fire. But the man searched among the bits of driftwood on the beach. He found, here and there, a nail or two and a spike or two. Some were new and only slightly rusted. But he struck a spark on an ancient piece of metal that had been mineralized by time—and on which the rust was not even reddish, but which underneath was black and hard and glistening. He nursed the spark to flame on crumbled, dried-out seaweed. And the dog took it quite as a matter of course and watched contentedly as bits of the turtle's flesh sizzled on splinters over the flames.

Presently something made the dog leave the fire to go to the top of a tall dune. He looked up to windward and barked defiantly. The man came to see. And then the man grew agitated and went down and heaped driftwood on the flames. Dry wood and wet wood. A column of thick white smoke ascended to the heavens.

The dog ran busily about the man as he labored. He shared the man's excitement for no cause that he could have made clear. But he grew bored, presently, and when the man looked avidly at a big floating thing on the water, the dog was tired of barking at it. The man was not cooking any more. He did nothing but stare at the thing floating on the sea. But the dog knew schooners. He was a white man's dog. They were not things to stay excited about.

So he looked up at the man adoringly and, when that had no result, he rubbed his head against the man's knee. The man still stared fascinatedly to seaward.

The dog went hunting along the beach. He came back with a scrap of driftwood in his mouth. He dropped it in front of the man. The man ignored it. The dog barked challengingly at him, his eyes dancing.

The man looked down then. The dog offered him the little fragment, his eyes at once adoring and mischievous. The man suddenly laughed exultantly.

When the boat of the inter-island schooner came ashore to the lee beach, it came because no smoke should ever arise from that island, and smoke had arisen. The island is only a scrap of coral sand with a brackish lagoon, and it is not only uninhabited, but should be uninhabitable. Wherefore smoke rising from it called for investigation.

The men

Riding a Royal Engine

By Eric A. Grubb

A HOT summer-morn in the terminal at Vancouver and we're in the cab of Canadian Pacific's "Royal" locomotive No. 2863. A heavy smirring drum in her veins and there's savage glow from the open firedoor. Steam pressure is 285 pounds on the gauge.

Behind us are twelve steel cars of the Vancouver-Montreal flyer and we're waiting for the signal to haul them eastward over the Cascade division—up across fertile river-meadows of the lower Fraser, up through the primitive Fraser Canyon, through Hell's Gate into North Bend in the heart of the mountains—the most spectacular stretch of railroading west of the Rockies.

No. 2863 is monstrous. She stands solid as a church, a big steel-masked locomotive with a touch of refinement in her handsome shape. She had lately come from the Montreal building shops, the most powerful locomotive west of Revelstoke—and sister of the famous 2850, the royal locomotive which made that historic crossing of Canada from Quebec to Vancouver with Their Majesties something more than a year ago. For this reason, and because of this association, 2863 and her sisters of the 2800 series are privileged to display the crown prominently on their boilers. Hence 2863, as much as 2850, is a "Royal" locomotive.

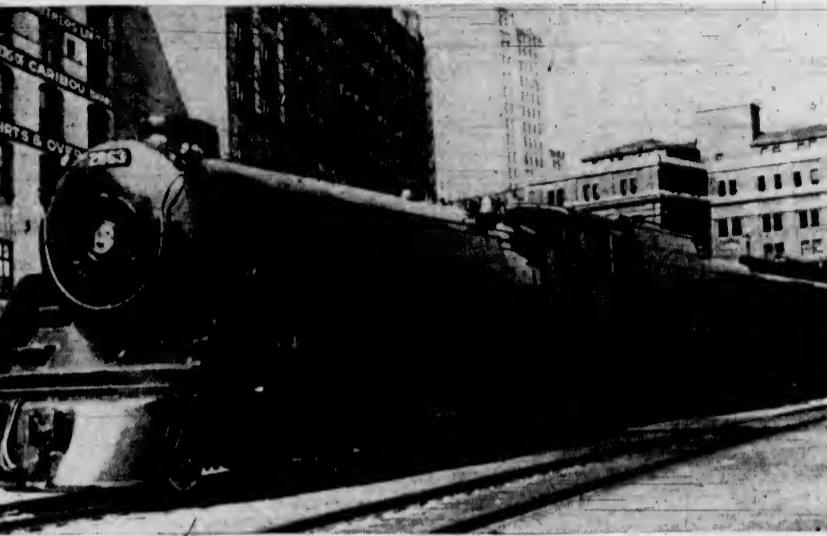
In Borrowed Clothes

THEY can grin if they like at your borrowed overalls. You're the one who's going to ride that roaring child for 130 miles.

She seems big as an ocean liner when you're in the cab where Treholm Fee, the engineer, and Albert Martin, the fireman, are ready. Incidentally, it was "Trennie" Fee who held the throttle of 2850 from North Bend to Vancouver when it hauled the King and Queen, so "Royal" engines are not a mystery to him.

"Trennie" is settled on his cushioned seat with that forward look which among engineers never seems to vary. He has been riding this route for forty-five years, and you wonder, after watching him for a while if he can look sideways. "He'll shout you an 'occasional' remark, but his eyes don't leave the track. Albert is studying his fire. He turns a feed-valve which among engineers never seems to vary. It was 59-30, then it was 59-45, then it was 60—or ten o'clock as near as I could read my own watch in my excitement, and we were off!

Gently she steals out and pulls at once into her long, smooth stride. While I'm stowing my life behind Albert where I can see the track ahead, we're passing thunderously out of the yard. Overhead the whistle roared.



One of the Giant Locomotives of the Canadian Pacific Railway Ready to Leave the Pacific Coast Terminal Yards at Vancouver.

There's a severity on the engineer's face as he sits studying his watch. When railroad men compare notes on time they don't say, as we do, "Ninety-Fifty," meaning fifty minutes after nine. They know the hour and take it for granted. It's minutes and seconds which concern them.

So when you ask Treholm Fee what he makes it, he'll reply, "Fifty-nine fifteen," meaning fifty-nine minutes and fifteen seconds. The time was getting close. It was 59-30, then it was 59-45, then it was 60—or ten o'clock as near as I could read my own watch in my excitement, and we were off!

Gently she steals out and pulls at once into her long, smooth stride. While I'm stowing my life behind Albert where I can see the track ahead, we're passing thunderously out of the yard. Overhead the whistle roared.

Boys Ambition

PERHAPS the greatest moments in life are those when you can't believe it yourself. It can't be you in that sanctum

of small-boy imagination, the cab of an engine, and such an engine! More than that, made so welcome and comfortable by "Trennie" and Albert that you feel you belong there. Possibly the simple truth is that if men have something of which they are extremely proud, like this engine, for example, it's pure joy to show her off. "Well," roars Albert, as he explains the booster, "I wonder if any road's got anything better than this?"

For the first thing that puzzles you is how she gets the 1,200-ton train rolling so smoothly. The answer is soon found. There's an auxiliary steam engine mounted on the trailing wheels beneath the cab. It turns those wheels into drivers to give extra power for lifting heavy loads. It steps up 2863's tractive effort from 46,000 to 58,000 pounds, as and when needed. As the train gets under way, the booster automatically "cuts out."

After Coquitlam, where we picked up mail and passengers, Albert got the feed valve adjusted to his pleasure. "Clear, clear," he shouts as each automatic signal

came in view. "Trennie" on the other side of the cab barked by repeating the "clears." Each verifies what he sees with the other. Nothing is left to chance.

We come twisting along it is fine to see her lie down to it on the curves. At first you're a little doubtful, but the qualm passes when you see her big smooth snout settle itself into the tilt of the bend just as smoothly as a half-back skirting the ends. Then when you lean out and look back you can see the sleek length of the train snaking obediently behind. Somewhere beyond Ruskin we see a glimpse of the Cascade foothills ahead. Then we are easing down and rounding the long curve into Mission.

Whistle's Mournful Tune

EXPRESS fruit handled at Mission has cost us ten minutes' delay. In a schedule which allows four hours for 130 miles, much of it upgrade work, every minute lost puts us over half a mile behind. Now as the valley opens and the straightaways beckon, "Trennie" begins to

tions and circumstances which concur to render England, notwithstanding its fogs, its colds and the humble aspect of its shores, far more excellent and beautiful and fair to me than France, than Portugal, than Spain, than Sicily, than Africa, than any of those lands' softness or romance or mountain grandeur which we saw in the course of our voyage. I always thought that I loved my country, but it was only when I was leaving, and had left it that I could tell how much, how very much I loved it indeed. In a letter written in March, 1828, to the Right Honorable J. H. Frere, he says: "The climate does not agree with me thus far, but the grand test is to come in May and the three following months. The average height of the quick-silver on the thermometer since I came has been 88 degrees in the shade. Our winter has been considered severe for this place, but surely so mild a winter was never known in Great Britain. My thoughts are still in England."

On January 12, 1829, the writer sailed for home on the Maria, Captain Trengarthen, and after a long passage and many delays arrived in England.

War Exhibit to U.S.

THIS United States may soon see Britain's war effort in more concrete form than heretofore. There is a proposal afoot to ship war exhibits of naval, military and air force interest to the British Pavilion at the New York World's Fair. Objects to be included would have some war history, as, for instance, the fuselage of an airplane brought down in action. British A.R.P. would be well represented and an air raid shelter would be set up.

War photographs are already being sent to the British Pavilion, and the Royal College of Arts is sending a symbolic picture of Britain's fight for freedom, which will be placed in the Magna Carta Hall. Fifteen feet long and eight feet six inches high, it is in wax paint on canvas and shows phases of our war effort, from battleships to land girls. R. W. Rötter was responsible for the design and the work has been done by associates of the Royal College of Art.

Avenol's Former Home

GENEVA—in giving up his post as Secretary-General to the League of Nations, M. Joseph Avenol will miss his house with its fine gardens and lovely view over the lake. On the lake, at the end of his garden, he kept a motor-boat moored, and spent many hours on the water. At work, however, he was full of energy, very efficient, and a great organizer. He received an honorary degree at Oxford, and was in London as a financial delegate in the last war. M. Avenol is a Breton.

The League provided the house of its secretary-general, whose salary was \$25,000 a year, a special allowance being made over and above this for official entertainments.

What beats a good wife?
A bad husband.

From a Traveler's Notebook

The Island of Malta

By DORA KITTO
On June 20, 1827, the ship Wilberforce, with a full crew, her nameake at the helm, sailed from Liverpool. Malta was reached by contrary winds, the ship arrived at its destination on July 31 and a traveler on the vessel gives some impression of the island of a century ago.

ON the morning of the last day of July I was awakened very early. I knew it must be something extraordinary . . . so I went on deck. There was J—— with nightcap on head. There was Mrs R—— with every article in the wrong place, or put on in the wrong way, and finally there was the Captain, fully dressed in his accustomed manner—indeed, he was a little finer than usual and had his great silver snuffbox in his waistcoat, for he has two snuffboxes and the silver one is always reserved for grand occasions. Now the occasion of this interesting assemblage in the forecastle was that before us, in full sight, lay Malta and Mount Aetna—two as most interesting objects as it would be possible to find in one view.

To me Malta was an object of greater interest than Aetna, to think, to feel that the island was before me, for which I had left my own better land" (N.B. Malta, at the request of the people, was ceded to Britain in 1814).

Valetta, the City

I KNOW nothing which can exceed the imposing effect of the city (Valetta) as we had the first view of it from the harbor. Conceive what we must have felt when, after having been so long without seeing any human habitations but ships, unless a glimpse of Tarifa and Gibraltar, we found ourselves all at once surrounded on the right hand and left with lofty stone houses rising in tiers above each other, to a vast height, and having altogether such a castellated air as you might vainly look for in an English city. We saw no possible means of ascent . . . but when we got on shore we found they had contrived an ingenious substitute for wings through flights of steps in almost every street, and sometimes, a long street is from one end to the other nothing but a flight of steps.

The poorest houses are lofty stone buildings in Malta; most of them, even the shops, have large folding gates and doors. I was not therefore surprised when Mr. S. stopped and applied the key to a large and heavy folding gate belonging to a place which had much the air of an old palace, or prison. My impression was not destroyed on getting inside, the wide stone staircase, the couchant lion, the heavy balustrade, the large and lofty rooms and the tall doors and windows were calculated to carry the mind several centuries back.

I understood that this house was really once a palace of a chevalier—one of the Knights of Malta. It is very badly furnished, however, and although admirably calculated for coolness . . . it looks to

VALLETTA is full of activity and talk—activity and motion. A man-of-war came in last night in a very shattered condition, from the Morea, bringing some intelligence of a terrible battle between the combined and Turkish fleets, in which the latter has been totally destroyed and in which the former has suffered dreadfully also. How far the report may be authentic, I do not know, but I have been to look at the ship—she proves something authentic, for she has jury masts (temporary masts) and is much injured otherwise, between her port holes and the highest part of the deck. The captain is killed and only nine of the crew remain unskilled or unwounded. (N.B. The Turkish fleet was destroyed at Navarino by the combined fleets of England, France and Russia.)

On my return home I took the Baracca in my way. The Baracca is a public promenade on the bastion, where the city is most elevated and is enclosed towards the sea by a high wall, pierced in different directions in the form of large, arched windows in which there are seats. I found here a very numerous assemblage of well-dressed people . . . most of them looking towards Greece. A large vessel was in sight, coming towards the island. In one place there was a knot of Greeks talking with much animation; there were many military officers—looking about and two naval ones with telescopes in their hands, who looked. I thought, exceedingly discontented, perhaps—because they had not been in the battle. There was a venerable old Knight of Malta, in his large, three-cornered hat, long scarlet coat and white breeches, waistcoat and hose, stepping briskly, about by himself and receiving many a respectful salutation from every side. I believe this is the only Knight of the famous Order now in Malta, the few others who remain alive being scattered about in different parts of Europe—most of them very rich. The ancient knight who once lived in the house from which I write this is now in Spain, having belonged, I understand, to the Castilian tongue. St. John the Baptist was the patron of the Order.

St. Angelo

THERE are plenty of Greeks in the island, whose variously colored and ar-

ched to render England very uncomfortable. We are on the point of removing to a large . . . The people still seem, even at this distance of time, to long after their old knights. Thus, for example, a little, defaced, copper coin, not containing so much metal as an English farthing, is, in their esteem, equal to eight English pennies and they take them accordingly. I know of no other reason for this than that these pieces were coined by the Knights of Malta.

Ship of War

FAIRLY educated Maltese did not know whether London was a city or a nation, so when I told him it contained 1,300,000 people and Malta only 120,000, he said "but Malta is bigger than London." N.B. Today London has a population of about 10,000,000.

There is not such a thing as a bookseller's shop in the capital city or in the whole island. There is not such a thing as a private printing press in the island, all belong to missionary societies, or to the Government. There are two libraries, one is military . . . to the other we have access, but it seems very poor in useful books and none may be borrowed from but very old ones. General information is at a very low ebb in Malta, which seems rather intended for a quarry than a habitation of man; for it contains little else but stone. In Sicily every advantage has been lavished by nature and none obtained by art. Here, industry has spread splendidly and fruitful fields, where nature had laid down a rocky desert. The patriotic people call Malta "The Flower of the World."

Towards England

FROM the large room in which I usually sit, I can look towards England; where my vision did not stretch so far, the eye rested on the fort, and the mind could figure out the scenes of romantic bravery which maligned knights and soldiers enacted there. Another view, opening to the south, presented the British standard waving proudly on the walls of St. Elmo. Who has not heard of St. Elmo? Whose pulses have not beat high to read of the desperate and cool courage of the knight who entered its walls with the conviction that they must perish there—and did perish—the Turks not finding one alive when the castle was taken.

Pondering over his ties to his native land, the writer speaks of "Those associa-

nude the throat a little wider. Leaning out beyond the glass windscreens I can see the great knuckled trunks flying like horses' hooves. Her huge black shape, stretching high before us, is too big to see in full. I lean over Albert's shoulder as he fiddles with the steaming valve. I yell something I suppose I should know, but as the speed increases I'm afraid I missed it.

As she began to travel she opened a resonant undesign, an ironclad uproar of hissing, clanking, jostling clatter which sneaks up on the uninitiated and breaks over him unawares. The long blast of the whistle—ehime with a continuous howl, the traditional two longs, a short, a very long. A yell of warning, solid and resounding: a wail of deep-throated sorrow for all the fools of the world who skip heedlessly across tracks at suburban stations, or rush to challenge the iron monster at every level crossing.

It that lovely valley of the Fraser we rocket-towards mountain barriers. Through this grazing and orchard-country the fields are golden with the hint of the coming harvest, and settlers are out this Sunday morn to see us pass and to wave a hand in greeting. It's part of an engineer's job to know his roadside friends and salute them. As with Albert I waved to their regular "patrons." I felt myself as one of the railway brotherhood which has a proud tradition of courtesy and friendliness. Crews wave from passing trains; track patrolmen and signal maintainers on their necessary and lonely rounds wave to us too. "Hello," "Good-bye," "Good luck," the waves of the hand, the quick smiles of recognition can mean all of these.

Up the valley we really shiver. Leaning from the cab window, glimsping the roaring flicker of her stout pistons, watching the 1,200-ton train snaking behind us, makes me want to shout with delight. Your mind spreads into the fabric of this noble machine. You love every part of her, and she grows a part of yourself.

Villages are torn up, blotted out by our freight howl. They are wiped away, blown behind us. We shoot past autos on the nearby highway like a racehorse putting the quarter-mile poles behind him. Fields, woods, towns . . . "Keep-out-of-my-W-A-A-Y," the whistle screams.

Making Up Time

"TRENNIE" at the throttle, looks like carved steel. His eyes are forever ahead. The lines of his set, mouth are indomitable. "He's giving it to her," Albert shouts. "How fast?" I ask. "About sixty."

These men live with time in a way we rarely dream of. Time is their master, and those successions of British Columbia hamlets flashing by at scheduled intervals are markers of time themselves. "We'll be knocked out another minute," Albert says. "We'll get it back," "Trennie" shouts.

And I think there was bravado in the long howl, he gave Agassiz as we approached, for we had wiped out the delay.

And thenceforward, up to Yale, Spuzzum, China Bar and all the old mining camps, we go climbing up on great flanks of mountains—blasting exhausts fairly shook the rock-cliff cliffs as we battled around jutting shoulders and over chasms. Feeling 2863 take hold on the long grade up the canyon fairly makes your muscles swell. Here is steam! "Trennie" nurses the throttle wide. Great pistons drive against the wheels, and the immense tugging makes you gasp with the feel of it. There's an air of calm confidence about "Trennie" and Albert. "Trennie" has the feel of her now, he sits satisfied and watchful, a study in complacent, hard-won consciousness of ability. Albert has the feed valve adjusted to his liking. Through the peep-hole you catch a glimpse of raving fury as the oil changes to power with a deafening roar.

"Clear, clear," they check the signals.

These men are in direct descent from the men who built this line and drove its first trains. Though they work at it year in and year out, they never seem bored with railroading. "We see something new all the time," Albert explains it.

Then the whistle for North Bend. This is the division town, a place of roundhouses and repair shops and home of many railroad men. No. 2863 will go on to Revelstoke, but "Trennie" and Albert stop here to bring Train No. 1 back at 6:05 in the evening. Machinists who have been waiting for us attack the connecting rods with pneumatic grease guns. The new crew climbs aboard. In ten minutes No. 2 is on her way to the summit of the Rockies, and I'm wondering how I'll put in the time until I can enter the cab again for the return trip to Vancouver.

Great fun, this railroading!

Regatta Days

(Continued From Page 1)

Victoria was abandoned more or less for waters more protected, like English, Beltingham and Elliott Bays.

May it was all for the good of the yacht game, too; for yachtsmen are bred from little boat sailors, and flatboats, skiffs, dinghies, stars and other more or less racing crafters of much larger and costlier contestants would not be able to go on some days the like of which I can well remember off Victoria. Racing is the life of any virile yacht club, so the racing element should have every consideration in the choice of courses for important gatherings. That is why the fairly open sweeps of water at Victoria and Port Townsend, the latter harbor being the central meeting point of the Northwest for years, were passed up for the more protected courses already mentioned, and is probably why Cowichan Bay is more favored than all the rest put together for its ideal racing advantages.

Land Surrounded

FOR all the world like a lovely hill-surrounded lake, its generous-sized bay is sheltered with off-lying islands and generally provides pleasant sailing weather with just enough breeze to permit a yacht to carry all working and extra sails comfortably and at the same time supplying wave-action enough to produce yachting exhilaration. Among crews and spectators a sequence of marine pictures hard to beat anywhere when anywhere from fifty to one hundred boats are racing for trophies of the Pacific International Yacht Racing Association, which organization adopted Cowichan Bay as an annual gathering place during the first nine in September.

Cowichan Bay can be boisterous, too, occasionally; but while the surface is never ruffled with what the seasoned sail would call "heavy seas," squalls can drop down from the hillsides and give yachtsmen an opportunity of displaying alertness in handling "kites" during the progress of a race. A year ago the amateur sailors visiting Cowichan Bay were treated to a few hours of that kind of weather, and "taking chances," spinakers and balloons suffered accordingly, but didn't mar the occasion; for the true yachtsman smiles and doffs his cap to the weather when it can "put something over" him. It's all in the day's work.

The P.I.Y.A. picked Cowichan Bay to be a perpetual annual rendezvous of Northwest yachtsmen for Labor Day weekends and since the selection was made the various clubs have had good representation there each year. The Royal Vancouver Yacht Club was awarded the honor of handling the regatta, and with the help of the Royal Victoria, the Maple Bay and the Cowichan Bay clubs has done its job to the entire satisfaction of the sailors who enter craft under the burgees of the different clubs. This is a

well-earned compliment to the Mainland organization; for staging a yacht meet to satisfy all skippers and crews involves a whole lot of preliminary, as well as "on the ground,"

A Visit to the Hornby Ammonites

By Robert Connell

THE long, narrow flanking islands that from South Pender and Seaview lie along the east coast of our Island abruptly end off Nanaimo, but after a gap of some forty miles are resumed and ended in Denman and Hornby, southeast of Comox. These two have long been of interest because they form part of the area in which are the Nanaimo and Comox coalfields, and they have a special interest for geologists because their rocks contain large numbers of Cretaceous fossils. As long ago as between 1871 and 1875, James Richardson, a coalfield expert from Great Britain, and an officer of the Geological Survey of Canada, collected specimens from Comox and Nanaimo, and was apparently the first to do so from Denman and Hornby. For a long time I had entertained a hope of examining some of these northern localities, and by the kindness of my friend, Mr. E. J. Greig, of Royston, I was able to realize that hope recently.

On the morning of July 12 we set out for the ferry that plies between our Island and Denman. We were four in number, for we had with us two young ladies to lend us bright eyes and youthful enthusiasm. The little ferry is operated by Mr. Baikie, an old-timer on this part of the Coast, an Islander in every sense, for he hails from Orkney, thus described by one of his own poets, David Vedder, of Deerness, a century ago:

"Land of the whirlpool, torrent, foam,
Where oceans meet in maddening shock,
The beetling cliff, the shelving holm,
The dark insidious rock;
Land of the bleak, the treeless moor,
The sterile mountain-scarred and riven;
The shapeless cairn, the ruined tower,
Scarred by the bolts of heaven;
The yawning gulf, the treacherous sand—
I love thee still, my native land!"

Very different from this is the scene as we traverse the quiet waters of Baynes Sound with the dark wall of the Beaufort Range far behind us. In a few minutes we are ashore and climbing up to the first sea terrace, we rise still more steeply, and then cross the Island. The farms with their fields and orchards set among the spread remnants fit past their peacefulness accentuated by the Island situation: On the opposite side we get a boat from Mr. Isbister, and after pulling it down the long runway we launch it in Lambert Channel and make for Hornby. There is a little sea running enough to make my friend Greig's work at the oars heavy, but not enough to prevent us taking a straight course. Hornby is broken by the cliffs of Mount Geoffrey, 1,000 feet above the sea, a formation characteristic of the Cretaceous formation with its slope outwards towards the straits and its bold scarp on the opposite side. We see it in Mount Tzouhalem on a large scale—and at Chase River and South Wellington on a smaller one. Where we pull the boat up at the wharf the shore is a flatish terrace of worn shales, but without stopping to examine them we're up to the road beside which among its orchard trees stands Mr. Savoie's house. From the owner we get a warm welcome and after directing the younger members of the party to the pear trees with their branches weighed down with fruit he takes us into his workshop and empties a box of specimens for our encouragement. Most of them are ammonites, some complete, others in fragments. Some of them are concentrically curved, others are straight. Some of the latter show iridescence in green and pink and purple. But the most singular thing about most of these relics of the past is the intricately etched pattern that encircles them. It is in fact a kind of writing by which not only the growth of the animal has been recorded, but the specific differences have been imperishably registered.

What an Ammonite Is

THE term "ammonite" is derived through Greek and Latin from the name Ammon or Amen-Ra of the Egyptian sun god, frequently represented with the head and horns of a ram. To the curved and curled horns there is a resemblance in most of the ammonites and hence their name. The name is used loosely for all the members of a group of shell-bearing animals or molluscs, once enormously developed both in numbers and species. They are related distantly to the cuttle fish and octopus. All of these belong to the highest group of the molluscs. The latter are divided into gasteropods or "stomach-footed," univalves, usually with spiral shells; the lamellibranchs or "plate-gilled," bivalves such as oysters and clams, and the cephalopods or "head-footed," cuttle fish, squids, devil fish, nautiluses and the extinct "ammonites." Properly speaking, however, "ammonite" is only applicable to members of the genus *Ammoneites* or of the family of which the genus is typical. Popularly, however, we use it in a far wider sense since we thus avoid a great number of names hard to pronounce, hard to understand and hard to remember. Furthermore, it is the peculiar work of a specialist in these ancient life forms to identify the various families and species of a group of beings that dazzles you by its innumerable. Seventy years ago, more than five hundred species of the genus Ammonites alone were already identified.

To describe an ammonite or four-gilled cephalopod I think I can hardly do better than fall back on a poet who was also a scientist in his way, that playful-minded American, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. In "The Chambered Nautilus" he tells us how:

"Year after year beheld the silent toll
That spread his lustrous coil;
But, as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more."

And then he goes on:

"From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-

resting sea."

Thus while the gastropod merely enlarges his single room the ammonite builds a series of rooms yet lives only in the last one constructed, and the etched markings are the sutures or outer edges of the successive walls or partitions, where they come in contact with the outer wall of the shell. The true ammonites are whorled in a disk-like or plate-like form, the whorls all in contact with each other, and have the sutures more or less intricately lobed, so as to resemble the outlines of mosses or the ice-frosting on a window. But there are nearly related groups that have their whorls partially or wholly unwound so that they range from the open structure of a ram's horn to perfectly straight forms."



Mr. Savoie accompanies us down to the shore in order to show us on the wharf the occurrence of a fossil shell interesting in itself and in its associations. Specimens are not hard to find in the dark shale which lies much as it did when first formed except that it now dips slightly shoreward. It is cut by small sandstone dykes which resemble igneous ones at first sight, but are easily seen to be sedimentary material which has either been washed into cracks and fissures in the already-hard shale, or has been forced

up into them from below from some bed of unconsolidated, wet sand. The shells commonly rise from the shale at right angles to its dip, but, of course, many of them have yielded to weathering, etc., or have been broken off. Their vertical position is that which they took in life as the animals that built them fed on the minute organisms in the black mud of the sea-bottom. The shells are open at both ends and perfect specimens show them to be gently curved. The shell may be as much as half an inch in diameter towards the

thicker end or foot-end with a shell wall an eighth of an inch thick. A very old family are these tooth shells and decidedly conservative, for since their advent in the Devonian they have varied their pattern but little. On the other side of Vancouver Island on the sandstone terraces that flank the cliffs of Cloose similar shells are to be found in numbers, all of them, fossil, but of Middle Tertiary and so greatly younger than these of Hornby Island. They may be found as living animals in our West Coast waters still, five

Among the Ammonites

We next proceed around the wharf and by cliffs of shale and shaly sandstone with large numbers of concretions. We see at once that the small boulders of the beach are largely made up of these concretions fallen from the cliffs or left by erosion. Many of them on being broken disclose at least traces of organic matter, the nucleus around which the concretion has formed, but there are plenty of others containing ammonites or fragments of them. They are quite easily broken by dashing them against the harder boulders, and it is quite exciting to see as the dark mass opens a gleam of pearly or iridescent color that tells of the hidden shell. Some are the common round and flattish ammonites, often with transverse ribbing. Sometimes only a cast is found. Among them is a fair proportion of the straight ammonites known as baculites. A foot or more of the elongated shell is often found, rarely a complete one. In cross-section the shells are oval. They tell a rather curious story of life. The earliest progenitors of the ammonites seem to have had straight shells and the suture marks of all species were then quite simple. Gradually the shells curved and coiled, and the sutures became more and more elaborate as the ammonite clan developed in numbers and extent. Then gradual deterioration set in. The coils loosened and straightened, double-headed hooks became single ones, and finally rods, or instead of keeping to the plate-like shape the whorls were built up on each other into a spiral turrit. It was in the period of these Cretaceous rocks that the ammonite world began to dissolve structurally and eventually numerically, so that by the dawn of the Tertiary they were totally extinct so far as the record of the rocks is known.

Whether this return along the road already traveled, this retrogression of the order, was due to changes in environment and some weakness in their ability to meet the changes, or whether it was rooted simply in their constitution, the result of racial old age or of biological "fifth column" activities too strong for them, it is perhaps impossible to say. It is hard to imagine that these powerfully shielded animals, often a foot or more across and four or five inches in depth, were at the time when they moved on the bottom of the Cretaceous sea approaching the day when they would disappear forever with the plesiosaurs, the mosasaurs, the dinosaurs and the ichthyosaurs, those great reptiles of sea and land and air.

A Change in Rocks

IT is unfortunate that time goes with such extreme rapidity whenever you are interestingly engaged and so slowly when otherwise, and it is a pity we cannot average things more, as we say about our wet Winters and dry Summers. At any rate time was all too short along Hornby's shore where Richardson collected so many years ago. We gather up our specimens and return to the wharf where we deposit them and then strike along the road to the south. Past farms and ever closer to the cliffs of Mount Geoffrey we go, but still we follow the coastline. Eventually we come to the neighborhood of a small peninsula or spit, and then the road runs steeply up-hill, for we are now crossing the western shoulder of the long ridge. A great block of rock overhangs the road, a mass of conglomerate, tough and forbidding. After passing it a little way we return to the point and follow the beach back to where the conglomerate appears like worn blocks. These conglomerates tell in the pebbles and cobblestones they contain the character of the hills and mountains then in process of erosion when Vancouver Island lay in a long sea-filled trough between the Coast Range and a mountain range to the west, which long since disappeared beneath the ocean.

We return on a rising tide with the sea's surface now as placed as it was roughened in the morning. Looking northward along Lambert Channel we see the long, irregular crest of the Coast Range with its peaks and pyramids. To the south we have a more transient picture as points and islands and Vancouver's hills crowned by Mount Arrowsmith move relatively to each other and us. As we approach Denman the clear water through which we can now see the bottom suddenly becomes clouded and thick with floating seaweed, so thick that the oars move with difficulty through it. A little company of children, boys and girls, are at the landing place, some on shore, some in the water. It is a pretty scene for a painter: the peaceful landscape, the quiet sea, the children watchful and with voices hushed in the presence of strangers. Perhaps it is the more striking after our brief sojourn among the relics of the elder world, that strange world before man where time is measured by millions of years rather than by milleniums.

Helen's Penalized Luck at a Neighborhood Fair

By MABEL HERBERT TURNER

GAY festoons of colored lights fringe the garden court. A large apartment-house court—transformed for this charity fair:

Carnival booths. Raffles and games of chance. Witty amateur barkers. And the animated Summermy crowd.

"Now we're out to lose money!" Warren peeling five singles from his wallet. "Here you are. And get rid of it all!"

"That should be easy!" laughed Helen. "I'm never lucky at these things."

An annual benefit for the neighborhood poor. This year instead of his usual check—to donate ten dollars via an evening at the fair.

Warren a conspicuous prey. Girls flocking around—selling chances on cakes, fountain pens, salad bowls. Good-humoredly he patronized them all.

A barker shouting, "Lay your bets!" His wheel marked in domino combinations.

"But, dear, only single numbers on this board," Helen laying a quarter on 5. "I don't understand how it works."

"Don't have to," tossing his on a 3.

"Betting closed!" The wheel briskly spun.

A hum of suspense as it slowed down. Stopping at the double-five domino!

Shouts of "Five—double winner!" Four quarters thrust at Helen.

"Shall I play again?" excitedly, as the next round was called.

"Go ahead," prodded Warren. "Out to lose? Be sport—play two numbers."

This time her quarters laid on four and six. The wheel stopping—at four and blank! Again a winner!

"Come on, Kitten, we're not playing this any more. Try something you'll lose!"

On to another wheel-of-chance booth. Watching the other players. Some repeating one number. Several playing the number just won. Why?

Warren's careless method—tossing a coin on the nearest vacant place.

"How the Dickens d'you do it?" he grinned, as again she won. "Got a system? Or playing your psychic hunch?"

"You see it works!" adding two more quarters to her growing stake.

"Works too darn well!" steering her away. "Now this is a charity affair. You're not to multiply that money—you're to lose it!"

"I'm trying to! Oh, good evening," to a nodding neighbor.

Music now from an amplifier. The festive crowd like an opera chorus! Floodlit shrubbery a theatrical green, the apartments a window-glowed backdrop.

Some booths too crowded to approach. Chances on books, turkeys, breakfast sets. Passes to local films, tickets for shore dinners and laundry!

Pausing to greet neighborhood acquaintances as they sauntered along.

A booth facetiously placarded "The Tavern." Crepe-papered shelves with rows of bottles. The usual wheel and numbered board.

Helen thinking of her birthday—June 26. Laying her coin on 20.

The wheel spinning fast—slower—Halting at 26!

"What will you have? Gin, rye, or sherry?" grinned the barker. "Sherry? Now ladies and gentlemen, place your bets."

"You come 'aw' before you win any more booze," grumbly Warren took the bottle. "I'm no walking bar-room!"

On to another popular booth—raffling baskets of groceries.

"No chances on that!" His cane stabbed the gravel. "We'll need a van!"

"I can't keep on winning! This time I'll try your birthday—the fourteenth."

"That ought to change your luck! Well, when they're raffling off enough stuff here. Where does it all come from?"

"Oh, the neighborhood shops. Every-thing donated! And all the workers vol-

unteers. It doesn't cost anything to run—all profit!"

"Lot more profit if they didn't have players like you!"

Watching the wheel spin. Stopping at 8—not covered by a coin. No winner.

"I'll play 14 again," Helen laying down another quarter.

This time the wheel stopping—at 14!

"Great guns, Kitten! This isn't funny any more."

"You're running in luck tonight," a man in white linen twinkling down.

"I don't know why," she smiled. "As a rule I'm very unlucky—"

Again Warren steered her away. Grumpily swinging the prize basket.

"What are you going to do with this? Looks like the Salvation Army handout!"

"Why, staple groceries. But I could give them to the elevator boys."

"Well, no more chances on anything bulky. I'm no truckhorse!"

"The strangest thing!" exhaled at her luck. "You know I so rarely win—"

"Cleaning up tonight, all right! All they've got out of you so far is your admission fee. Hello, fortune tellers!"

Two palmists and an astrologist. On one booth: "Maida Thorne, Graphologist, 50c."

"A graphologist? Oh, I'd love to have my writing analyzed."

"Thought you'd fall for that bunk!" he scoffed.

"Dear, handwriting does show your personality. It's something individualistic—that you've developed yourself—"

"Well, at least nothing to win. Now if you're going to park here—take these blinged bundles. I'll come back for you."

Soon Helen seated opposite a pleasant woman in a black evening gown.

"Just write a few lines—and your signature," moving over the pen and paper.

What to write? Something clever—But uninspired, just a trite:

I hope this year's fair will be a great success.

Helen A. Curtis.

For several moments, Miss Thorne studied the microscopic writing.

"You're definitely an individualist!

You're sensitive and retiring. You don't like to meet or talk to strangers. Isn't that true?"

"Why—why, yes," amazed at the accurate analysis.

"That's a handicap. You shouldn't work."

Where you must meet people. This also shows an ingenious mind. You should do well in some creative work."

"Oh, I've always wanted to write—"

"Possibly. But I think you'd do better along other lines. You're very clever with your hands!"

Now on her temperament. Impulsive.

Easily hurt—and slow to forgive. But careful not to hurt others. Inclined to harbored resentment. And very suspicious.

More about her sensitivity and social shyness, and the reading over.

Giving her place to the next patron.

Helen moved her prizes to a bench.

"Dear, she was really wonderful!" When Warren strode up. "Everything she said—"

"All true, ch?" taking up the basket.

"Must've flattered you plenty!"

Britain's Diet Builds Healthy Nation

By V. H. MOTTRAM, M.A. (Cantab.)
Professor of Physiology in the University of London,
and Head of the Department of Dietetics and Physiology,
King's College of Household and Social Science, Kent.
London.

THIS British as a race are intolerant of interference, particularly of State interference with their habits and customs. This is especially so with their habits and customs concerning food. The Englishman abroad appears lost and unhappy without his breakfast bacon and his tea, and hotels on the Continent of Europe which hoped in the past to attract his patronage had learnt that among other things they must provide a colorable imitation of the English breakfast and of afternoon tea.

Now, the less Great Britain has cheerfully submitted to a wartime scheme whereby butter, bacon, meat and sugar, and now tea, margarine and cooking fats are rationed. Much of the butter, bacon, meat and sugar and, of course, all the tea consumed in the British Isles comes from overseas and in normal times a great proportion of shipping space is required for the transport of these goods and of wheat. Today much of that shipping space is needed for the transport of armaments and the raw materials of armaments and less is available for the transport of food.

Rationing has been introduced not because there is a shortage of the food materials rationed, but because of the need of building up stores of the less perishable food commodities to meet any possible emergencies in the future. It is not a case of "pulling in one's belt" because there is not enough to go round, but because precaution suggests a need of preventing over-consumption at present so that there may be enough in the future if special circumstances arise.

Have Ration Books

EVERYONE in Great Britain is provided with a ration book containing coupons for rations up to a stated maximum amount of each of the foods mentioned above. At the present time each person is allowed to draw up to four ounces (113 grammes) of bacon, eight ounces (226 grammes) of sugar, two ounces (57 grammes) of tea, six ounces (170 grammes) of butter and/or margarine, and two ounces of cooking fat. Meat has been rationed on a different principle, viz., by price rather than by weight.

Every adult may have up to the level of 10d worth per week of the rationed cuts of meat. Not all meat is rationed, for tongues, heads, ox tails, liver, hearts, kidneys, lungs and tripe are unrationed; so are foreheads, chocks, and picnics of bacon and pigs' trotters."Sausages, meat pies and brawn are also unrationed. It will be noted that, with the exception of butter and margarine (which for the duration of the war is to have vitamins A and D included in it to the level of a good Summer butter), no food is rationed belonging to the category of protective foods. The rationed foods are all foods which can be dispensed with altogether without loss of health.

Duty of Ministry

THE avowed policy of the British Ministry of Food is to secure for Britain a sufficient supply of food, either from overseas or through home production, to see that the food produced and imported is suitable for the high strain under which the population may be going to live, to arrange for equitable distribution of the scarce foods and to insure that the price of food should be such that all sections of the public can buy it. The import programme of foods has been deliberately built up on food values.

Thus, though the total food imports were down by 12 per cent, the calories in the food imports represented were down by 1 per cent only, and that 1 per cent will be

• Newsviews and Reviews •



MAYBE THOUGHTS OF "FEROUS LION" DETER MR. HITLER

Adolf Hitler May Remember What the Enraged British Tommy Looks Like When He Goes Over the Top, and Has Decided That It Might Be Just As Well Not to Send His Army Across the Seas to Invade the Little Isles. This Picture Was Taken Somewhere on the East Coast a Few Days Ago As British Troops Rounded Into Form to Meet Any Nazi Who Dared to Try and Land on British Shores

We Take the Offensive --

By Field-Marshal Lord Milne

In The Sunday Chronicle (London)

ALMOST for the first time in this war, the initiative is ours.

For several days now we have been the attacking power. Instead of the enemy's invading us, we are invading him with the only arm at present available—the Air Force.

This fact more than any other accounts for the calm confidence that has come to this country and to all friendly countries in the last few days.

We have more than recovered from the shock of France's collapse, and even those at home and abroad, who wondered then how Britain could avoid disaster are now looking toward victory.

They not only see the possibility of victory, but begin to see the road by which it will be reached. Our air successes are the first steps along that road. They may not be wide steps as yet, but they point the way.

But great as are the destruction and confusion our nightly bombing raids are causing in the enemy's factories, stores, and military centres, they do not entitle us to assume that we have yet attained definite superiority over the enemy in air power.

Our Safest Course

THEY do show us how heavily we shall strike when, in the due course of events, we do obtain an overwhelming air superiority.

Of that we may be sure. But this certainty of ultimate success does not entitle us to be cocksure in the present immediate situation. Because in the last few days the enemy has apparently done little to prevent our aerial initiative, we must not assume that he is powerless to reply.

From a study of the recent conduct of the war these significant facts emerge:

1. His raids on our towns, our coasts, and our shipping, large as some of them appear to be, must be regarded as only patrols and reconnaissances.

2. Now that our merchant ships are armed against air attack and supported by convoying warships and fighting airplanes, the enemy's raids on them are so ineffective that we are able to maintain the full use of the English Channel as a main sea highway.

3. In his inland raids his losses of trained personnel are far greater than our civilian losses.

4. He is already using reserve planes, of types which he was not expected to use at this early stage. They include captured French airplanes.

Are we entitled to deduce from these facts that he is putting his full force into the aerial attack on us? I am certain that we are not.

Our safest course is to assume that he is keeping back the bulk of his air force for the mass attack on these islands. Whatever happens, and however confident we may feel at this moment, we must expect and prepare for intensive bombardment.

Because of what we know already about the excellent state of our air and ground defences, and the hearts of the people, we also know that what we may suffer in the next two months of fighting will be only an incident of the war, and should have no effect on its outcome.

Together the Navy and Air Force are inflicting incalculable damage on the enemy. From foreign sources we have positive information that our mighty raids on German military and industrial centres are causing great dislocation and destruction.

They must be already shaking German confidence in Hitler, who allowed Germany to promise his people that no bomb would fall on German soil.

Hitler's Problem

FURTHER, the Navy is maintaining, more effectively than ever, the blockade of enemy territory.

Any advantages Hitler may have obtained from overrunning neighbouring countries is already offset by the difficulties he has thus imposed on himself. Now that the Spanish coast is closed, we are maintaining a continental blockade from Italy to Iceland.

Although Hitler may have seized great stocks of supplies, he has no means of replacing them from overseas, but must go on living on his own hump. And if he intends to make use of the man power of the countries he has invaded, then he must feed the people of those countries.

Whether he feeds them or not, they represent a problem which in the end will contribute to his undoing.

Valiant-for-Truth

"THERE hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man, but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able." These are among the most reassuring words that St. Paul ever wrote. They are as opportune and strengthening now as at their first reading in a meeting of the Corinthian Church.

Yet the strong flow of words is forced into too narrow a channel by our English translators of the original Greek. The Apostle has in mind trials which are not simply of the nature of temptation. They may be rather those hard occasions, those critical moments in life, which make demands on a man's resolution and self-control, on his readiness to face difficulties in the right way, on his faith in the presence of adversity or danger. It is just then, when it is his duty to show the courage of the Christian soldier who has put on the armor of God, that he may fail and fall, especially if he has walked in the steps of that vain-confidence who came to so wretched an end in Bunyan's vision. But if he is not caught unprepared he can be of good courage. What he has to face others have faced and have overcome. Any idea that he is being subjected to a test which is beyond man's power to meet may be dismissed at once.

The Bible is full of the theme of spiritual victory won despite all that opposes itself to the man or nation, or church called upon to withstand in the evil day and having done all to stand. It has much to say of hard journeying over rough ways but, nothing of any need to turn back. There are always ample resources for him who knows where to look for them. The Bible is no book for those who wish to find an excuse for the spirit of defeatism. None has known that better than soldiers and sailors who have given themselves to the utmost sacrifice in the service of Britain. They are the men

—From The Times Weekly.

Mr. Churchill

A German Wrote It

This article was written by a German while a resident in England. He is now in Germany and probably married.

FOR some reason or other it is difficult not to smile when Winston Churchill is mentioned.

Evidently, direct contact with a bit of genuine life is what sometimes compels us to smile involuntarily. It is certainly so in the case of Winston Churchill.

He is a diplomat; but in spite of that, we see him more clearly as he really is than any other Englishman of importance. Churchill typifies real life in England.

He is thoroughly English in appearance, like the pictures of John Bull, broad-shouldered, very massive, and not at all "smart," like most Englishmen.

Winston Churchill has been called an eternal boy. There are many such in England.

He is a great lover of games, particularly polo, which he understands the least. But Winston has one quality which matters more than anything else: he is capable of learning the things he does not know.

He is as versatile as a journalist, he sees the essential. He really is equal to his posts, and there are few Englishmen who have filled more posts than Winston Churchill, just as there are few English soldiers who have taken active part in more campaigns and wars than this child of nature.

His courage and indifference to danger is his most striking quality.

He is truly a living illustration of Dean Inge's theory that man is "a splendid lightning animal, holy," and at the same time "satanic."

Churchill's courage is not only the courage of a man who goes into battle with his fellow men; he is equally brave when he is single-handed, even if he has to swim against the current.

We need only recall how he defied public opinion in spite of the menacing attitude of an excited crowd at Birmingham, in the stormy days of the Budget, long before the war.

Churchill and Lord Robert Cecil were to speak in the Town Hall. A furious crowd had assembled outside.

Lord Robert got into the hall by the back door under police protection, while Churchill drove up in an open carriage, quite alone, through the crowd, showing no sign of fear or anxiety.

The people were speechless for a moment, then they broke into loud cheers. The English spirit!

Churchill is particularly keen and quick-witted in debate, but, unlike the greatest of all extemporaneous speakers, Lindy George, he would never dream of making a speech without the most careful preparation and thought, even if it meant writing it out half a dozen times.

He has such a natural gift for expressing himself vigorously, and at the same time with literary distinction, that the passages he has studied the most carefully always give the impression of being uttered under the influence of a momentary inspiration.

He is not cultivated in the sense of being an accomplished scholar. After he left Harrow he had no further need for Attic culture, and he turned to Sparta, to Sandhurst.

The classic answer he gave when he was asked at Harrow what profession he had in mind, was, "The Army, of course, as long as there is any fighting going on." After that, "I shall have a shot at politics."

And Westminster re-echoes with this "shot" even today. —Rudolph Kircher. From The Sunday Chronicle (London).

Hitler's Headache

GERMANY'S oil reserve has been calculated at 16,000,000 barrels. For an air blitzkrieg on Britain, using every effective plane he has got, Hitler would require 12,000,000 barrels—600,000,000 gallons—of petrol. If the air offensive failed, Germany would have no oil left for planes to defend her from reprisals by the RAF.

These figures have been worked out by the American oil magnate, Max E. Ball. He emphasizes once more that oil will be the decisive factor in this war.

He adds to his calculation that Germany has only a three-month oil reserve, that her home industry can only supply 3,000 barrels of petrol—from coal a month.

We know that in 1938 Hitler produced and imported 8,000,000 tons of petrol for normal peace time requirements, plus intensive training of his airmen on a war footing.

Of this, some 5,500,000 tons were consumed so that he had a balance of 2,500,000 tons which he was able to set aside for storage.

From 1933 onwards, Germany imported about 1,000,000 tons a year more than she needed for domestic consumption. It may be assumed, therefore, that up to another 4,000,000 tons were stored.

Now expert estimates vary from an annual requirement of 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 tons per year as Germany's needs for full-scale warfare per annum.

If an air "blitz" will cost Germany 600,000,000 gallons—that is 2,000,000 tons—then this would be about a quarter of Germany's normal annual supplies.

Her twin-engined bombers with 1,200 h.p. engines will use about 800 gallons on a four-hour bombing raid of Britain.

A formation of twelve bombers will use 7,200 gallons. If one such small formation treated us to one raid per day for twenty-five to thirty days it would consume all Germany's home output of petrol from coal.

Can Germany, therefore, afford to throw her reserves into one mad gamble knowing that if it fails her claws in the air are drawn?

This is Germany's problem. She must weigh it carefully before launching all on one hazardous throw which, unless completely successful, will leave her people completely open to Britain's terrific air power.—William Courtenay in The Sunday Chronicle (London).

Work for Enemy

FOR every one of these countries the

British market, now temporarily lost to them, is an indispensable condition of prosperity.

It is their unenviable fate to work for the enemy and the oppressor.

Fervid efforts are being made by Germany to get the heavy industries of Northern France and Belgium back into some kind of temporary order—an operation which will in most cases require time—so that French and Belgian workers may produce armaments for use against their former Allies and future liberators.

This probably explains the anxiety of the Nazi authorities to secure the return to their homes of the two million Belgians and of the still larger number of Frenchmen from the industrial regions who fled south into unoccupied France during the campaigns of May and June. Nor are these the only movements which the German Government is seeking to foster. There have been reports from Denmark, Holland and Belgium of the recruiting, for transfer to Germany, of laborers both to get in the German harvest and to work in German factories.

Everywhere the exploitation of men and resources is in full swing. Dr. Funk's barter schemes, already familiar from Balkan experience, will disappoint those who expect profit to accrue from them to anyone but their promoters. Meanwhile the occupied countries are deluged with a stream of propaganda from the local press and radio stations, which are compelled to follow the bête noire and toff model themselves on the methods of Dr. Goebbels; and the ban, not yet as strictly enforced as the occupying authorities would like, on listening to foreign broadcasts completes the picture of physical hardship and moral isolation.

Yet despite the sternest measures of repression and a ruthless censorship, plenty of evidence continues to trickle through of the maintenance in these countries of a sturdy spirit of independence and of determination not to make things easy for the invader. In Norway the attempt to stage-manage a coup for the deposition of King Haakon ended in

The Nazi System

THIS general failure of the Nazi appeal

to the goodwill of the populations of the occupied territories is a proof not only of the spirit of liberty which still animates them, but of the hollowness of Hitler's claim to be the sponsor of a new order in Europe. The sterility of the Nazi plan has been demonstrated by the first opportunity to put it into execution. This was inevitable. The Nazi philosophy contains an element on which an appeal to any non-German can logically be based. "Mein Kampf" may be the Bible of those Germans whose outlook has been sufficiently narrowed and distorted to accept it as such. But it is wholly unadapted for any missionary enterprise.

It was the German imperial historian Treitschke who said that the terrible thing about Machiavelli's conception of the state was that it "exists only for the sake of existing," and is void of any moral purpose. This is equally true of the Nazi system. It recognizes no universal value, no end other than its own supremacy. Force, and force alone, governs its relations with any entity outside itself.

It can find no new social or political order for Europe or for the world, for it recognizes no common value on which any coherent international society could be based.—The Times.



Suburb and Country



AGRICULTURE IS A FIRST PRINCIPLE: ON IT RESTS THE LIFE AND HAPPINESS OF MANKIND—Julian A. Dimock

Thirteen Hardy Perennials For Late Summer Blooming

TO August, even more than June, goes the crown for great, showy masses of perennial bloom. There are not so many varieties, perhaps, but the aristocrats of the later season are so opulent and colorful, in every way so hardy and dependable, as to make this truly august month the grand glaz in any garden drama. To be sure, there are many fine midsummer blooming varieties which cannot properly be included in a baker's dozen for August. Coreopsis and hollyhock, for instance, have already blossomed straight through July. Helenium and bellflower, on the other hand, belong more specifically to September, writes Ruth Cross in *The New York Times*.

Among all the plants that put on their big show chiefly in August, it is still hard to choose, but there is no argument as to which goes to the head of the class. Every garden lover will acclaim the hardy phlox as queen of August gardens! Without the colorful masses of this superb flower any garden plot would be "Hamlet" with Hamlet omitted. No other August blooming perennial gives so much for so little care.

With phlox alone one can put on an August spectacle that will stop the most casual passerby. It is even possible—such richness and variety is there in this royal family—to have a garden of phloxes from subula and campanula in May right through to the latest decussatas in September. Flower heads and single florets of the newer, improved summer-flowering phloxes are enormous. In good soil and with abundant moisture some kinds grow six to eight feet tall, although the trend now is toward smaller species. Even splendid standbys—scattered attain more than two-and-a-half feet.

Harmonizers for Phloxes

AN appeasement policy in the way of a good "mixer" will harmonize all the really clear phlox tones, from pastel pink to the most articulate red-violet. Artemisia lactiflora, with its tall creamy fronds, like showers of seed pearls, eols down and gives lovely contrast. Tall violet monkshood, cimicifuga, the blushing blue of sea-holly, orchid mist of sea-lavender, forming billows of Achillea, the Pearl—all are splendid August bloomers and peacemakers among the phloxes. Artemisia, Silver King, is an excellent toner-down, too; as is also the silvery foliage of Snow-in-Winter.

But on the whole it pays to stick to either self-color or safe-and-sane combinations. Any pure pinks and lavenders get on well together. A huge planting of red and white, say Stop Light and Ma's Rugs, is dazzling.

Artemisia, monkshood, sea-holly, sea-lavender and Achillea have already been placed on the August honor list. Plume-poppy, a tall, rank grower to be placed by itself, not in a border, but flaunting fine, creamy "plumes," deserves seventh place, in the writer's opinion. The eighth may well be accorded to that grand old-fashioned, just as gorgeously tinted and spotted as in grandma's garden, the Tiger-lily. It does not, like the lovely but finicky auratum, demand any special soil or care; it will naturalize if you give it half a chance. A whole border of Tiger-lilies, pure white phlox and violet monkshood makes a zestful yet cooling border cocktail for the dog days.

Two other vacant niches in our August Hall of Fame go undisputed to buddleia and lirris. The former, half shrub, half perennial, is not always hardy in northern gardens, but roots may be cheaply replanted and their slim, butterfly-laden racemes of lilac pink and violet broaden fairy wands over the borders. Magnolia, Ile de France and the new Charming top the list of varieties.

Skyrockets of Bloom

KANSAS-GAYFEATHER or blazing-star throws up slim stalks, bursting in a skyrocket of orchid or solferino bloom, one of the most exciting staccato notes in any August composition. If it has an old quirk, too; it is almost the only spike flower that opens from the top down. Elegans and speciosa are fairly clear violets, and there is a comparatively new white variety, Sciarosa alba, arrestingly beautiful. Physostegia is another outstanding August favorite, a superb background subject if one can give it plenty of elbow room. In very rich soil, the writer has seen clumps eight feet tall with almost yard-long spikes of showy orchid bloom. It is nicknamed "Obedient Plant" because the pivot-jointed blossoms remain at any angle to which they are turned.

Trifoliate, or "pinkplant," is quite as fiery as its name. "Torch-lily" and "flame-flower"—other names for it—only hint at the blazing splendor of this midseason highlight. Even phloxes fade into the background when trifoliate thrusts up its cigar-shaped spikes of scarlet, gold and tawny orange. They appear most effectively, however, against shrubs of evergreens. Or they may be used in company with pale yellow mullen, red-orange phloxes and the keen electric-blue of Chinese Delphinium.

Torch-Lilies

THREE are many species, some small enough for the rock garden, but

euvaria is the one generally cultivated. Even with this the safest procedure is to carry it through in cellar or cold frame. It does not demand a rich soil, and prefers one that is loose and well drained.

Only one place is left now in the "thirteen" list, and there are still many noble contestants. Hyacinthus canadensis, for instance, with its fragrant ivory towers. But it, alas, like lovely Blue-spiraea (carpatica), requires protection in the North. So the final patent of nobility goes to veronica. One can have a choice of Amethyst longifolia or the more exuberant violet-blue subsessilis.

So there is our baker's dozen. All, except buddleia and trifoliate, are hardy as roadside weeds and largely pest-resistant. None is hard to please as to soil, fertilizer or moisture conditions. All are showy, continuous bloomers in the border and most of them are equally good for cutting; flowers that anybody anywhere can grow and enjoy.

It's not too late to plant seeds of some of them now. Phlox, tritoma and buddleias are best obtained from a nursery, but most of the others, if planted now, will be ready to bloom next summer. At all events, this is the time to look about; decide which of the August favorites one likes best, and then start working a year ahead of the game, as should be done with all perennials.

Use of Lime on Lawns and in the Garden

THE question is often asked: "Shall I lime my lawn, and when is the best time?" The answer is that it depends upon what type of grasses are growing in the lawn. If blue-grass and clover, then, yes—because all the clovers are very fond of lime. If a rough, coarse lawn mixture, yes, a light dressing. But if the lawn contains fescues and fine bent, then it is best not to lime it at all.

As a general rule, for light sandy soils it is well to put on the lime in spring because lime is washed through the soil quite easily when once it becomes soluble in the soil water. Only the more insoluble types of lime, such as ground limestone, chalk, oyster shells or old plaster, etc., are put on in the fall. For spring liming, a good dressing would be agricultural lime (hydrated lime), to the hundred square feet.

But what of the rest of the garden? Generally speaking, the ericaceous plants such as rhododendrons, azaleas, heathers and mountain laurels, also most of the bog and heath plants, do not like lime. For the rest of the garden it is safe to apply a moderate dressing. Most of the legumes (peas, beans and clover) are very fond of lime. Lime helps greatly in stopping the spread of fungous diseases in plants by forming calcium oxylate in the cell walls, which greatly strengthens the tissues.

In Various Forms

LIME can be bought as quicklime (calcium oxide), agricultural or hydrated lime (calcium hydroxide), as finely ground limestone (calcium carbonate), chalk (calcium carbonate) or oyster shells. Lime is also contained in some commercial fertilizers such as nitrate of lime and superphosphate of lime. Quicklime is the most soluble and therefore the quickest in action and is washed through the soil most readily. The hydrated lime is not quite as soluble and is held for a longer time in the soil. The carbonates of lime, such as finely ground limestone, chalk or oyster shells, are still less soluble and are much slower in action, releasing small quantities of soluble lime over a long period.

A showy plant for the front of the border is Phlox paniculata, a vigorous annual with lovely bell-shaped, gentian-blue flowers. It is quite easily raised from seeds in fact, self-sown seedlings frequently crop up in odd places.

From autumn-sown seeds the plants are more robust and flowers appear early in summer, but further sowings should be made in spring to prolong the flowering season.

Placelia tanacetifolia is an interesting plant. A near relative of Placelia is Nemophila insignis variety, grandiflora, an exceedingly charming subject and one that will flower freely on wet or dry soil.

The name Kingfisher Daisy is most appropriately applied to Felicia bergeriana, a delightful little annual, the daisy-like flowers have golden centres and spreading rays of an exquisite azure-blue and very useful in the rock garden.

The cornflower is a general favorite in most gardens. A pleasing combination sometimes seen in a mixed bed of cornflowers—the old-fashioned blue form—and Shirley poppies.

Those of you who are acquainted with Nemesia grandiflora will agree the flower may be easily mistaken for that of a convolvulus and are pale blue, with a white throat merging into yellow-centre. Convolvulus minor may be obtained in various shades of blue as well as pink and white, but the dark blue is, I think, the most pleasing color.

Beachycome iberidifolia, the Swan River daisy, is a graceful little annual with pretty, dissected foliage; when seeds are sown in the open the flowering season is certainly a long one. Strains of Nemesis and Viscaria may be obtained in many distinct colors, and come remarkably true from seed. Helophilus linearifolia is one of many annuals that have found favor with its slender racemes of blue are very charming.

Nigella Miss Jekyll (an old favorite) is still one of our best blue flowers in summer. Well-grown plants judiciously thinned at an early stage will produce a bright picture for many weeks, no matter what kind of weather is experienced.

Guard Against Red Mites

AT this time of the year insects breed at a very rapid rate—that is, if the poultry keeper gives them the chance. One of the most troublesome pests and one which causes the most loss is the red mite.

There are numerous ways in which red mite can be tackled. An excellent plan is painting the perches, a very narrow line down the centre of each, once every ten days or so, with nicotine sulphate.

It's not too soon to begin thinking about house plants for the coming winter; cuttings of soft-wooded plants, such as geraniums, coleus and begonias, rooted now, make sturdy pot plants by freezing weather; seeds of fast growers such as sweet alyssum and dwarf marigolds can be sown.



HAYMAKING IN ENGLAND HAS TWO OBJECTIVES. During the Recent Haymaking Season the Farmers of England Adopted the Scotch or Pyke System of Curing Hay, the Cocks Being Several Times Larger Than Is Usual in This Country. The Huge Cocks Were Particularly Desirable This Year As They Made It Impossible for Enemy Aircraft to Land on the Hayfields. This Picture Was Taken at Amersham, Bucks.

September Garden Notes

By ALEX MITCHELL, F.R.H.S.

THOUGH September and early October is undoubtedly the best period for planting narcissus bulbs, it is not the only time, and one need be deterred from planting right up to the end of December.

There is a great variety of bulbous and allied subjects besides narcissuses suitable, such as crocuses, winter aconites, Anemone fulgens, chionodoxa, scillas, snowdrops, fritillarias, ixias, Leucojum vernum and Leucojum aestivum, Muscari botrys and Solomon's Seal. Other combinations will suggest themselves, varied, of course, according to desire and situation.

Care of Rambler Roses

RAMBLER roses have excelled themselves this year, both in flowering and growth, so that prospects are particularly bright for next year's display, but if full advantage is to be had of these benefits all the old wood should be cut out as soon as possible and the young growths tied loosely but securely into position. In cutting out the old wood snags should be left at the base, and all weak shoots should be removed at the same time, leaving the base clear for the production of buds from which the new crop of shoots will be produced. Roses of the American Pillar type do not need such rigid thinning out of the old wood as do the Witchurianas, but a proportion of the old growths should be removed.

Just now, when herbaceous and other hardy flowering plants are feeling the effects of the long drought and are looking very distressed, there are quite a number of hardy shrubs which have withstood the dry conditions remarkably well. Some, of course, which have been moved recently, or those planted on thin, gravelly soils, have suffered badly, and, where watering was found to be impracticable there may be some losses. The dry seasons may bring home to us in an unmistakable degree, the importance of foliage and burred shrubs in the garden at this time of the year. These certainly prolong the interest, and the glowing berries and brilliant foliage of many kinds will help to carry us well into, or through, the dull winter season.

DEcorative Fruits

ONE of the most glorious pictures one could wish to see, at the moment is a group of John Downie Crabs. This year the branches are robed with orange and scarlet fruits which are most brilliantly colored. This is undoubtedly the finest of all the fruiting crabs. Another highly colored variety is the Dartmouth or Hyslop Crab. It bears plum-shaped fruits covered with a purple-red bloom which arrests attention. The variety Ringo has bright yellow fruits, and is quite an acquisition.

Among the Rose species, Rosa moyesii is conspicuously fine this season by reason of its orange-scarlet, bottle-shaped flowers. So, too, is Rosa fargesii. Rosa rubrifolia is particularly well fruited this season; it makes a large, well-branched bush eight to ten feet in height, and now, when laden with its bright scarlet hips, it is a very pleasing and desirable shrub. Rosa rugosa, too, has fruited splendidly. The large, tomato-like hips are crimson-scarlet in color, and are a great attraction to birds in some districts.

Very fine, too, have been the Rowans, or Mountain Ash (*Pyrus avulgaris*). This year the trees are laden with their brilliant scarlet berries, and the color is intensified by the setting sun. This is a valuable tree for the small garden, and it thrives freely on chalky soils. There is also a yellow-fruited variety, Precultivated, which is interesting and attractive.

MANY of the fruit tree stocks com-

monly used have a very bad habit of throwing up innumerable young shoots from their roots. In some cases these "suckers" appear in matted growths clustering round the stem; in others they break through the soil in various places, right out to the extent of the roots.

This naturally is a considerable nuisance where either flowers or vegetables are grown under the trees.

For that reason, alone, they should be removed without delay on their appearance.

But worse faults regarding suckers are that they grow quickly and rob the trees of sap which should in the normal way supply the developing fruits.

Then again, these suckers often make quite a safety zone for various pests.

To successfully destroy suckers they must be severed from the roots from which they spring. This is best done with a mattock, but failing that, top the garden spade is quite useful for the operation.

Just to cut them off at surface-level is worse than useless, as this treatment tends to produce larger numbers of suckers. You must get down under the soil.

Authorities are agreed that Fall is the best season for planting most home orchard fruits. An early order means prompt delivery, and getting the particular varieties wanted.

Destroy Shoots From the Roots of Fruit Trees

THIS common way to ensure that each sheep goes under the fluid is to push it under with the aid of some such implement as a wooden rake. A sheep should not, however, have its head under the fluid for more than three or four seconds.

Do not continue using a dip solution that has become foul when only half-way through the job. Sometimes it gets to look like liquid manure, and then cannot exercise any good effect. At least some of the dirty liquid should be run off afterwards putting in more dip and more water.

Common sense suggests that sheep should not be dipped when they are tired, overheated or have just been fed. It is a good plan to pen them near the dipping-place a few hours beforehand, so that they will be cool and quiet. After dipping, they should again be penned while the liquid drains from them, in order that the dip solution may not contaminate their grazing.

Dipping Sheep Is Best Safeguard to Health

ALL sheep should be given one dipping a year in a chemical solution, as a safeguard against the spread of "scab," a highly contagious disease. But dipping actually is well worth while for another reason—it removes those irritating skin pests, ticks and lice, which can make the sheep so uncomfortable as to be unable to make any good use of their feed.

Midsummer, obviously is the best time of the year for the operation, as there is much less risk of scab than if the job were done in autumn or early winter.

How to dip the sheep is always a problem for the man who does not possess his own dip, but this may be overcome where there are many sheep in the flock by securing the use of a dip in the neighborhood by arrangement with the owner.

Where there are only a few sheep, however, a hand-bath may serve quite well. It will be impossible to immerse the animals' heads, as in a proper dip, but that can be overcome by dipping a scrubbing brush into the solution and sprinkling the liquid over the sheep's head by shaking the brush.

It is not worth while to try to make up one's own solution. There are a number of excellent proprietary mixtures on the market and these are obtainable in liquid, paste or powder form from any chemist. They are made up according to directions supplied with the preparations and only gross carelessness in their use could result in harm to the sheep.

When to Dip

DIPPING should be done early in the day, preferably on a morning when the weather is cool, sunless and breezy.

It is most important that the dip should be mixed with the water in correct proportions, that the solution should be maintained at proper strength all the time, and that each sheep should be in the bath long enough for the fluid to soak through the fleece to the skin.

Liquid dips are easily dissolved in water. But when a powder dip is used, it should be mixed with water twelve hours or so beforehand, as some of the ingredients may take a lengthy time to dissolve.

The right procedure is to add water to the powder and not the other way about. Afterwards stir to a creamy paste, then adding more and more water—stirring all the time—to bring to the proper dilution.

One minute is the correct time, with most dips, for a sheep to be in the solution. A swim-bath is always to be preferred, because the big volume of liquid does not so soon get foul and because each sheep can be completely immersed, head and all.

Push the Sheep Under

THIS common way to ensure that each sheep goes under the fluid is to push it under with the aid of some such implement as a wooden rake. A sheep should not, however, have its head under the fluid for more than three or four seconds.

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Time for Sowing Fall Crops Comes Soon

THE growing of suitable forage and cereal crops to make provision for the adequate feeding of all farm livestock throughout the year, and especially during our dry summers, is a problem with which British Columbia farmers are greatly concerned.

Cash returns from any class of livestock (in these days of low prices for all animal products) are small enough even under the most favorable conditions. If production is allowed to fall off from lack of sufficient and proper feed there can be no hope of profitable returns.

As the time of year for sowing fall crops is fast approaching, it is considered



Esther Saves Her People

By BILLY HAIN

ON a certain day all the Jews living in the Persian Empire were to be destroyed. The king's decree had said so, and to make it a law it had been stamped with his seal. Queen Esther was a Jewess, and her cousin Mordecai had asked her to go to the king and beg him to save her people.

"But no one may go to the king unless the king first sends for him," Esther said. "And he has not sent for me."

The day for the slaying drew nearer. But into Esther's heart and mind had come a plan. She sent word to Mordecai: "Gather together all the Jews that are in the city that they may fast and pray, as my maids and I shall fast and pray. Do not eat or drink either day or night for three days. Then even though it is against the law, I will go to the king. I will ask him to save my people. If I perish, I perish."

When the two men came again to the king's gate Mordecai stopped, but Haman hastened to his own home. Frantically he told his wife and friends what had happened. They were astonished and frightened. While they were still talking the king's chamberlains came to take Haman to the banquet that Esther had prepared.

Again while they were eating the king asked Esther what she wished. Esther knew that the time to try to save her people had come. She said, "O king, let my life be given me and my people saved. For we have been sold and are to be slain."

"Who has dared to do this?" the king asked.

Esther pointed to Haman.

The king was so angry that he left the table and went out into the garden. Haman then fell upon his knees and begged Esther to save his life. But the king quickly returned and when a servant told that the gallows had already been made, the king ordered Haman hanged upon it.

Haman was hanged on the gallows that he had made for Mordecai. A spiritually wise man would not have planned such a wicked deed against another, because he would have known that the evil that went out from his mind would return to him. But Haman was not a wise man, he was wicked and cruel.

Esther told the king that Mordecai was her cousin, and the king gave him the place of honor that had once been Haman's. Esther then begged, "If I have found favor in your sight, my king, please make a law that will save the Jewish people. For how could I be happy if evil came to my people? How could I endure to have my kindred slain?"

Esther smiled and into her eyes crept the light of high hope. But she would not tell so quickly the thing that she wanted. She said, "If it seems good to you, O king, will both you and Haman come to the banquet that I have prepared for you?"

Haman who was over all the other princes of the kingdom was sent for in haste. "Come," the servants told him, "you are this day requested to eat at the banquet table with the king and queen."

At the banquet table the king again asked Esther what it was that she wanted of him, and again he told her that he would grant her wish even though she asked for half his kingdom. She told him, "If I have found favor in your sight, my king, it would please me for you and Haman to come again tomorrow to the banquet that I shall prepare for you. Tomorrow I shall answer the question the king asks."

The king agreed and Haman was very happy because of the honor that had come to him. He went out into the courtyard with a joyful heart. At the king's gate sat Mordecai. When Haman passed, Mordecai did not stand up; neither did he bow his head nor bend himself to the ground. Haman saw that he did not, and even though he had been filled with happiness so short a time before he was now filled with hatred of all Jews, and especially of Mordecai.

But Haman did not let Mordecai know of his anger. Instead he went home and told his wife: "The king has promoted me to high rank. I have great riches. Today the queen asked me, and me only, to eat at the banquet table with her and the king. I am invited also for tomorrow, but all this means nothing to me so long as Mordecai, the Jew, sits at the king's gate and does not do reverence to me."

Haman's wife answered him: "Why do you not have a high gallows made and then ask the king to have Mordecai hanged before you go to the banquet tomorrow?"

The idea pleased Haman and he had the gallows made.

But God works in many ways to bring about His justice. That night the king was unable to sleep. He asked that the book-of-records be brought out and read aloud to him. The servant opened the book and read how Mordecai, while sitting at the king's gate, had heard two keepers plotting ill against the king, and how Mordecai had hastened to tell of the plot.

The king stopped the reading. "What reward has been given Mordecai for this service?" the king asked.

The servant answered, "Nothing has been given Mordecai."

"Who is in the courtyard at this hour?" the king asked. "Send a prince to me that I may talk this thing over with him."

Haman was in the courtyard on his way to ask the king to have Mordecai hanged. The king said, "Let him come in." When Haman was inside, the king asked, "What should be done for a man whom the king wishes to honor?"

Haman's mind was so full of thoughts of himself that he took it for granted that the king wished to give him some still greater honor, so he said: "Let the man be dressed in royal attire, with the royal crown upon his head, and let him ride through the streets on one of the king's horses while a servant proclaims, 'This is the man whom the king delights to honor.'"

"Make haste then," the king told Haman, "and do all this for Mordecai, the Jew."

But the most unusual pet story is probably this one, concerning Sigrid Gurie. She has what is probably the most unusual pet in Hollywood, an ocelot, a small variety of African leopard. Recently Miss Gurie took him to the beauty parlor, causing feminine patrons in various stages of facial and shampoo treatments to jump in excitement. But Miss Gurie hastily reassured them, "He's just a pet, perfectly harmless. I've trained him from a kitten." Proving once again the universal affection between people and animals.—Doris Gale.

When Summer Is Done

What nice surprises September brings!

School and study and other things: Books that take us on lovely trips.

And tell us stories of treasure ships;

Stories of lands where children wear Sandals and robes and flowers in their hair;

Wonderful stories of foreign places,

Where cheese is made and finest laces;

Stories of lands where the sun is bright

When we are tucked in bed at night.

We have paints and crayons of every hue

And picture books and cutouts, too.

There are pots of paint that we can use

To make whatever we may choose.

On the pleasant days we play outside,

Up in the swing and down the slide.

In our room we stay when there is rain

And read our books all over again!

And every morning we sing a song

That sings in our hearts the whole day long.

Nothing could ever be so much fun

As going to school when summer is done!



TWO LITTLE GIRLS AND TWO LITTLE DOGS
These little girls, both seven and a half years old, are Wendy Corbett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Corbett, Newport Avenue, with her Boston bull, Boso, who is only a little younger than his mistress, and Gloria Sherwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Sherwood, Currie Road, with her black cocker spaniel, Jill, who is not much more than a pup. The children spend many happy hours during the summer holidays wheeling their pets in pramulatators up and down the streets, dressed in their discarded baby clothes and other masquerade costumes.

The Slum Lad's Dream

Here is one of the best poor boy stories in the world. It is that of William Quarier, born 110 years ago last month.

ON September 29, 1829, the wife of a ship's carpenter named Quarier had a son and christened him William. They lived in a poor part of Greenock. A few neighbors came in to look at the new bairn, and no one guessed what a great thing he was going to do for Scotland.

Three years later the carpenter died while he was on a voyage. The widow had three young children; so she could not go out to work, and she started a shop. But it failed.

From the plain cottage home they moved to a slum room in Gorbals, where they lived from hand to mouth and were often desperately hungry and cold. The widow got sewing to do for the factories, but though she stitched day and night she could not make enough to pay for rent, bread and clothing. William helped at first by carrying the work to and fro for her, then he learned to do some of the sewing, and at six he was a factory hand.

From ten to twelve hours a day this child worked in a pin factory, and on Saturday he was rewarded with a shilling.

There were hundreds of child slaves like him then. They worked in factories, or they made matches in their homes, or they crept up chimneys and were sometimes suffocated there.

The Barfoot Boy

WILLIAM Quarier was sent to Sunday school, where they taught him that God was kind and would one day make all children happy in Heaven. In his old age, he said, looking back on his childhood, that he used to wish God would send a little happiness to poor children on earth instead of saving it all up for Heaven.

In answer to the need of the little ones came the good Lord Shaftesbury, Mrs. Browning, Dr. Barnardo, and William Quarier.

One day, when he was eight, and was walking barefoot through the cold streets of Glasgow, having had nothing to eat for a day and a half, he looked at the well-fed and well-clothed people going by and wondered why they did not help him.

They could see he was blue with cold and pinched with hunger, but nobody cared.

"If ever I have any money," said little William, "I will help poor children." He kept his word.

The shop prospered and grew into many shops... It was Quarier's dream to save \$20,000 to start an orphanage. But soon he saw that it would take a very long time, and meanwhile children were in bitter need.

"I will start my orphanage now," said William Quarier, "and pray for the money to carry it on."

Nothing could ever be so much fun

As going to school when summer is done!

Since then about twenty thousand children have been brought up and launched in the world from those homes, and two million pounds have been sent, unasked, to carry on the work. Yet William Quarier and his helpers resolved never to beg, send out collectors, or advertise, and never to run into debt. They have simply dreamed and prayed.

Their dream has come true.

Their prayers have been answered.

One day Quarier was asked to go to see a poor old washerwoman living in one room. He thought she wanted help, for she had worked at half-a-crown a day till she was too weak to work any more.

But she drew from various parts of her dress banknotes which she tossed to him with a chuckle. "Count it," she said. It was her life savings of £1,000 for the orphans!

Now there is a big town at Bridge of Weel composed of cottages where some 1,500 children live in family groups. Eventually they go to a branch of the Home in Canada.

Mr. Quarier died in 1904, but his daughter carried on his work, a very great work, merciful beyond words. Marvelous is it to think that it was begun by a man who came out of the slums of Glasgow, a barefoot lad of six, living in a slum and working for twelve hours a day in a factory at a shilling a week—Children's Newspaper.

Fairies

Who wouldn't be a fairy—

With sparkling dew-tipped wings,

To fly above the sun-kissed world,

And see its lovely things?

Who wouldn't be a fairy—

With petaled, dainty dress,

To scatter smiles and kindly words,

And drops of happiness?

Who wouldn't be a fairy—

To sup on nectar sweet,

To sit on tiny mushroom stools,

And dance on tiny feet?

Who wouldn't be a fairy—

To laugh the liveliest day?

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely, now,

To be a fairy fay?

Smoke Screens

THERE is nothing new under the sun.

Even in war. Almost everything we believe to be man's invention has its counterpart in Nature. For instance, the Bombarier beetle laid a smoke screen to confound its enemies long before a presentable human being walked the earth.

The humble skunk was the first creature to demoralize a foe by means of a noxious substance.

The power dive of the hawk upon a prospective victim from high in the sky was a commonplace event when the mythical Deadalus and his son, Icarus, escaped the wrath of Minos with the aid of artificial wings.

These and many other warlike things were originally the ideas of Mother Nature, copied and improved by man's ingenuity to conform to the requirements of destruction or defence, perverted or otherwise, according to racial ideology.

Mickey Finds Happiness

By PATRICIA NEFF

MICKEY was a little brown-and-white Shetland shepherd dog. He lived with the twins, Patty and Billy, and with Mother and Father in a white house with a blue roof, blue shutters, and a blue door. Mickey had often heard Mother say, "A blue door stands for happiness."

Mickey was happy there, too, until after Patty and Billy began to go to school. Mother was busy all day with her work. As usual, Father was away all day with his work, and now Patty and Billy were at school with their work. The days seemed very long to Mickey from the time he jumped up on the blue wing chair and poked his little brown-and-white nose through the living-room curtains to watch the twins go down the street toward school, until the time Mother let him out and he ran to the corner to meet them at 3 o'clock. He had a great deal of time to think. He thought, "Everybody in this family has work to do except me. I wish I could do something! Maybe I'd be happier if I had some work to do."

Several days after school had started Mother was busy in the kitchen preparing breakfast. Mickey watched her put the cereal on to cook. He eyed her as she squeezed out the orange juice. She was working swiftly. "It must be time for the twins to get up," thought Mickey, and then he had a most important idea. "I could wake them up for Mother," he thought, and straightway lifting his bushy tail high in the air he scampered off up the stairs.

He pushed open Patty's almost-closed door, jumped on the bed, and started pawing at the cover. Patty turned over. Mickey poised her cheek and pulled at a soft brown curl with his paws. Patty looked up and smiled delightedly. She rumped his fur and started to get out of bed.

Quick as a flash, Mickey ran to Billy's room. One of Billy's feet was sticking out. Mickey stood up on his hind legs and licked Billy's toes. But Billy just pulled his foot back under the sheet, so Mickey leaped on the bed and his twelve pounds of weight came right down on Billy's chest. Billy woke up immediately. "Good morning, Mickey," he said and clapped his hands. Mickey crawled into Billy's arms and they got out of bed together.

When Mother came upstairs Patty and Billy were almost dressed, and Mickey was running back and forth between their rooms.

"How did this happen?" asked Mother, who was both surprised and pleased.

"Mickey woke me," said Patty, smiling.

"Mickey, you're a fine little helper," said Mother. "I think I shall give you the job of waking the children every morning."

Mickey wagged his tail and barked and barked to tell Mother he should like that task very much. He felt so happy to be useful, and he knew that when Mother would say, "Mickey, go get Patty and Billy," he would do good work in getting them up. In the mornings to come perhaps he could think of other things to do also.

That morning as he jumped up into the blue wing chair to stick his nose through the living-room curtains and watch the children go down the street, Mickey was thinking how happy he was living with the twins, Patty and Billy, and with Mother and Father in the white house with the blue roof, the blue shutters, and the blue door that stood for happiness; for everybody is happier when he has work to do and does this work well.—(Wee Wisdom)

Peeping Tom's Chimney

FABULOUS sums of money have been lavished by landowners and wealthy eccentrics on nonsensical buildings. They are generally known as So-and-Sos. Folly.

One Halifax manufacturer spent £10,000 converting one of his factory chimneys into an observation tower, so he could spy over a rival's premises at any time he wished.

Mr. Henry Stratton, of Little Berkhamsted, Herts, built a tall lookout tower in 1789, so he might keep watch on his ships anchored in the distant Thames. There is a £5,000 tower at Hadlow, near Maidstone, modeled on the famous Bruges Belfry. The builder, a whimsical square, wanted to view the sea about forty miles

Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

Men of the Fraser Tell Their Stories Of Terror in Night

Many Patients in Hospital Unable to Tell How They Were Wounded—Are Happy and Cheerful After Terrible Experiences

BY MOLLY MORSE

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND (BUP).—Fifteen of Canada's sailors, victims of her first naval loss of this war, are patients in one of Britain's great ports. Strangely enough, half of them do not know how they were wounded. When the Fraser broke in half and many of her crew of about 150 were drowned, the men were sleeping below in their hammocks—or the more fortunate of them were on their night duties. The shock was so sudden there was scarcely time for thought and men waking to find themselves in black waters in the depth of the night were saved by instinct rather than any reasoned-out desire to "do this" or "do that."

Take Bill—William Edward Goldsmith of Vancouver, for example. He went to sleep in his hammock and woke to find himself hanging by his hands from overhead pipes. Below him was a seething whirlpool. Calcium flares on lifebuoys, rode the waves that came in the side through the great hole that had been caused. It needed the pen of a Dante and the brush of Goya to do justice to a scene like that.

CARRIED TO SAFETY

He watched, hanging there, and when the wave ebbed back through the hole he jumped and got carried out to sea and safety. His injuries were severe cuts in the upper arm from wreckage.

Not so lucky was L. Russell, of Regina, who has a double fracture of the left leg and the right foot split. Both feet are encased in plaster, and Russell has had a bad time, but he still smiled as I walked up to his bed to talk to him. He is a lanky lad from the West with a quiet sense of humor that has stood him in good stead.

"I'm lucky to be here at all," he told me. "I haven't the vaguest idea of what happened. All I know is that they got me out. My feet must have been jammed in the crush."

Ralph Clarke of Victoria and Higgins is not much more explicit. "I heard the crash and then, as the papers say, all went dark. I must have gone groggy and am not quite sure whether I was down under or staggering around. Petty Officer Lamieux and five stokers rescued me anyway."

BLOWN THROUGH CEILING

George Pape, of 55 East Lynne Avenue, Toronto, told his story. "I was just getting out of a hammock when I was blown through the ceiling, and that was what I call a lucky break." George was badly cut and bruised but will be up and about by the time this appears.

Just imagine being blown through the ceiling" said as calmly and matter-of-factly as one would talk about a minor skiing spill. That's the measure of the boys.

George had his buddy, George Aulenback, of Liverpool, N.S., along. He got off without a scratch.

"How I managed it—I don't know, because the hatch buckled like cardboard and there were heaps of fireworks and sparks, deafening noises."

But he managed to get over the rail to another ship drawn alongside. So did Gordon Willmott of Hannah, Alta., who happily told me he got off with a bad ducking.

And his friend, A. C. Crane, of Victoria and Esquimalt, was down in the R.A.'s mess, "so I just went over the rail." Asked if he wasn't scared to dive into the water, he said: "Shucks, I can swim."

A QUEER EXPERIENCE

Ted McLeod, of Edmonton and Esquimalt, escaped naval injuries, but had a queer experience. "I found myself walking where the ceiling should have been," he said. "and I sure wouldn't be here now if Dusty Miller, from Calgary, hadn't had his flashlight. That little light

Fine Hospital Provided by Canadian Contributions



Speaking for All Canadians Whose Voluntary Donations Financed It, Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, Chairman of the Canadian Red Cross Society Advisory Committee, Formally Presented the New Red Cross Hospital in Buckinghamshire, Here Is a General View of the Ceremony Attended by Many Notables.

War Is Giving Woman Great Opportunity to Break Old Prejudices

Entering Professions and Places Hitherto Open to Men Only—Even the Navy Admits Member of Fair Sex as Surgeon

BY GLADYS BAILEY

LONDON (BUP).—Three lines in *The London Gazette* made naval history and added yet another monument to women's progress. They recorded the appointment of Mrs. Genevieve Newcastle, M.B.Ch.B. to the rank of Surgeon Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. War is giving woman a priceless opportunity. She is entering into professions and places hitherto held sacrosanct to man—and what is more she is getting away with it.

The Bank Officers' Guild is holding conferences to discuss training women for the higher posts. This doesn't mean that women and more responsible posts in the banking world are more vain than patriotic. The banking world, the Engineering Unionists capitulated and allowed women engineers not only to work in factories but last outpost of all—to draw men's pay; the Army capitulated and admitted women doctors; the Church is considering allowing women chaplains and preachers; and now even the Navy—most exclusive of all—has caved in.

HAS SECOND SON

The Duchess of Marlborough has called a temporary halt to her war duties as Commandant of the ATS to present her husband with a son. The Duke and Duchess already have three daughters in addition to their fourteen-year-old heir, the Marchioness of Blandford.

No amount of urgency in her desire to serve her country can stop a woman wanting to be glamorous. So while recruiting for the various branches of the women's army goes on space and women roll up in their thousands, it is still the glamorous jobs and the glamorous uniforms that are superseded and the practical jobs and unbecoming uniforms that are left with a long list of vacancies.

In the ATS, about 70 per cent of the recruits want to be drivers or something. The ranks of the cooks and domestic workers show large gaps. "I've been scrubbing all my life," said one recruit. "I want to join the army to do something different."

The W.R.N.S. is easily the most popular service because its uniform is so attractive. The commissioned jobs carry with them a most берега, and jobs leading to an eventual commission are eagerly sought. Those of ratings who

are not of royal birth are not easy to replace.

A soldier can think up a good excuse with anybody for the missing ornamentation but that doesn't make the problem any easier for the supplies departments.

Speaking of Dominion troops the gayest and brightest around London at present are the New Zealanders, with their handsome faces and fine bearing and their immense zest and joy in life.

Perhaps it is because they are the newest, no doubt that they are especially noticeable. The arrival of the Canadians created a furor of excitement. Their glory was a little superseded by the arrival of the Australians, and the New Zealanders are now getting their share of attention.

The exhibition of gifts sent to

the Duchess of Northumberland's "Spare a Trinket" Fund for providing comforts for the ATS has been graciously and fully patronized by Royalty. Queen Mary made one of her rare visits to London to be present, the Princess Royal, looking very smart in her ATS uniform, seemed very interested in it, and the Queen bought quite a selection of trinkets.

SALES HELP RED CROSS

Priceless Gifts Pour in to Christie's From All Over World

BY GLADYS BAILEY

LONDON (BUP).—The most discussed topic outside the war is the famous Red Cross sale at Christie's which is of such magnitude that it is anticipated it will cover several weeks. Priceless gifts have poured in from all over the world, and from all classes.

The Queen has sent a silver tea service which was among the first pieces to bear the Silver Jubilee mark in 1935. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester have given a pair of two-handled cups made in Dublin in 1765. Queen Mary and the Princess Royal have sent diamond and sapphire brooches, and the Duke of Kent's offering is a Paris dessert service.

ROYAL BEDSTEAD

The women of Cumberland have included in their gift of family heirlooms and antiques, a curtained wooden bedstead on which Bonnie Prince Charlie slept while in Cumberland during the rebellion of 1745. On this bed is a coverlet stitched by a Cumberland woman 150 years ago.

NOT FOR SALE

Handsome, debonair Mr. Terence McKenna, one-time partner in Christie's who gave up the partnership on account of ill health, has come forward to help in the famous Christie sale for the Red Cross. It was suggested humorously by one of the Red Cross workers that Mr. McKenna himself should be auctioned at the end of the sale and also Lord Willingdon who has been a daily visitor, the Marquess of Blandford.

Another woman has given an unusually a diamond necklace which on the first day was sold for £24,490. Yet another offering mentioned as the property of a lady and her daughter—a casket of jewels, realized £80,803.

The gifts are still pouring in, the sale continues, and the Red Cross will be richer by a vast sum when it ends.

ROYAL REFUGEES

Among the children sheltering in strange lands from the terrors of war in their own country, are many of Royal blood. Leopold of Belgium's children are present at San Sebastian and are ultimately to go to La Granja, the royal palace of General Franco near Madrid. Julianha of Holland's babies are with her in Canada. Prince Alexander of Albania, infant son of ex-King Zog and Queen Geraldine, plays happily in a London garden, while the niece and nephew of our Queen—the Hon. Davina Bowes-Lyon aged ten, and the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon aged eight, children of the Queen's brother, are in New York.

Our royal children, the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, are leading a normal life in

the country house to which they have been evacuated. The King and Queen rejected proposals to send them to the Dominions.

Londoners have not entirely given up from one safety zone to another. Air raid have not respected a zone, and London with its well-equipped air raid shelters and general raid protection is often safer than the open countryside where no shelter has been provided.

So there is a steady stream of returning residents to London. The people have decided at the final issue to take their stand on their own heart.

Flats and houses are rapidly being re-occupied and the estate agents report flourishing business on all sides.

Sailor Finds Enough Time For Studies

LONDON (BUP).—While guarding Britain's shores and bringing food and arms, men of the Royal Navy and merchant marine also find time to study such subjects as philology, philosophy, trigonometry, calculus, astronomy and foreign languages from Arabic to Russian.

This is shown in the handbook of the College of the Sea, which arranges correspondence courses for seamen. Many seamen have enrolled for courses and they pay a nominal fee to cover postage and the cost of books. The tutors give their services voluntarily.

WRENS ARE THERE

As in the last war, there are the "W.R.E.N.s" commonly called that is to say, the Women's Royal Naval Service.

W.R.E.N.s. You ought to see some of them in their tricorne hats and navy blue. There are about 6,000 of them today.

A new service they were not.

It is the W.A.A.F.—Women's Auxiliary Air Force, they operate teleprinters are radio operators, accounting clerks, sick-bay attendants, spuds are cooks. And someone with an eye has observed that pretty girls look even prettier in their sky-blue uniforms.

I spoke of cooks. These are wanted in all the services. They are given special training in service cooking. They need not be able to cook kickshaws, but must be interested in and familiar with kitchen methods generally. For instance, The A.T.S. which is the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service—can do any number of them.

That service too attracts great numbers of women and girls and is growing. They are typists, orderlies and goodness knows what jobs they don't undertake.

MOTHER AND SON BOTH IN THE NAVY

LONDON (BUP).—Dr Attracts Genevieve Newcastle, the first woman doctor to be appointed to the Royal Navy, is the mother of three children, one of whom may shortly be joining the navy.

Dr Newcastle's grant of the relative rank of Surgeon-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R., is not the only honor she has received since the war. A few weeks ago she received the Cross Pro Ecclesia et Pontificis from the Pope in recognition of her services to the Roman Catholic community. She is a past president of the Catholic Women's League.

Throughout her medical career she has taken special interest in child welfare matters. After qualifying in her native Dublin she was for a time house surgeon at St. Ultan's Hospital there and afterwards became a assistant school medical officer at Sheffield, England.

Great Number of Women Are Doing Work for Forces

Many Jobs Are Hard and Exacting, Seldom Showy, Often Wearying—Great Numbers Attracted to Auxiliary Territorial Service—Discreet Make-up Not Forbidden

BY GLANVILLE CAREW

LONDON (BUP).—In this country there are roughly, about eleven women to every ten men, and, going by London alone and by casual observation in the streets, it would be quite easy to conclude that the proportion held good in the public services.

Of course, it does not, but nevertheless there are great women, up to forty-three, most of them are about twenty-five. They wear a neat khaki uniform, lighter khaki stockings, plain brown low-heeled shoes and a Vega taking khaki cap which most of them wear at an angle barely noticeable but which no mere man can copy.

IN MANY SERVICES

I have said nothing of the many other services. There are the women of the Auxiliary Fire Service. They do scores of jobs to help firemen which one would hardly think that women could tackle. They drive ambulances at all hours in all weathers. They wear a dark blue uniform with red badges, a peaked cap and trousers.

There are, too, the women who are the Air Raid Wardens. They also wear a kit of blue with red touches and usually a little tin hat and trousers. Petite persons they seem—as women usually do in male dress.

Make up? Well . . . that seems to be in the discretion of the commanding officers. It is not encouraged but is not usually forbidden provided it is "discreet" and if there is a little lipstick or other touching-up here and there it is not obvious and who should worry.

And now it is eight o'clock on a fine summer morning. I hear a twittering and a light tapping of heels. From my B.U.P. window, not a thousand miles from a certain, much-criticized Ministry, I see girls forming in ranks of three; Attention! Quick March! chirp a sergeant—and off they swing.

I smile—we all do—but we know all the same that those girls, and thousands of their sisters, when the dreadful and apparently inevitable test comes upon us all, will march as bravely as their brothers in the ranks of a deathless army.

PEER SALUTES HIS OWN SON

Democracy and Equality the Keynote of "Civil Army" In Britain

LONDON (BUP).—Now firmly established with their new name adopted after a recent reference by Mr. Winston Churchill, the "Home Guard"—late Local Defence Volunteers—continues to expand and become evermore efficient.

Well over a million men strong, democracy and equality appears to be the keynote in this "civil army."

Were you to walk alone by a certain place in London at a certain time, you would probably see lined up and parading together men of all walks of life. Among them is Lord Marley, D.S.C. of the last war, and former Under-Secretary for War. Drilling side by side with him at times is a window cleaner, House of Commons messenger, and an ex-Cabinet minister. All are on equal footing.

When he meets his son, a lieutenant in his old corps, Lord Marley must salute, for he is—to quote his own words—"a mere private in the new citizen army."

CLERGYMAN HAS BECOME GUNNER

LEEDS (BUP).—The passive role of a chaplain does not appeal so strongly to Rev. Thomas Edward Garner, senior curate of the Driffield Parish Church, Yorkshire, as the more active role of an R.A.F. air gunner.

When there is work for able-bodied men in the air, he said, he has no wish to be "fooling about on the ground."

He has therefore relinquished a commission as a chaplain in the R.A.F. to become an officer air gunner.

"I have no hatred of the German people," the curate, a native of County Cork, Eire, said, "but I should have no compunction about shooting down Nazi aircraft—an essential to the defense of the Empire."



PLENTIFUL IN OLD COUNTRY

This Was the End to Which Dozens of Recent Raiders Tumbled as Hitler Launched His Heaviest Air Attacks to Date. The Bomber Shown Here Was Downed in a Nazi Night Raid Over the Southeast Coast Recently.

HE SEES FOR HIMSELF

First Hand Knowledge of Britain's Dispositions for Defence, Such as He Gains on This Inspection Tour Leaves Prime Minister Churchill Full of Confidence, Here He Stands on a Bluff Above the North Sea, While Soldiers Work at Preparations.

